

THE Nonconformist.

THE DISSIDENCE OF DISSENT AND THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE PROTESTANT RELIGION

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Ecclesiastical Affairs.

THE TEMPLE AND THE SYNAGOGUE.

UNDER the above title the Rev. R. G. Peter, M.A., rector of Cavendish, has published "A Letter to Churchmen and to Dissenters," which, in a brief interval of profound ecclesiastical quiet, is worth attention. The pamphlet, it is true, will probably prove more successful in entertaining than in instructing, its readers. It seems to have been written by a man whose religious sympathies have so far overpowered his ecclesiastical prejudices that he is himself surprised, and expects that his readers will be surprised, at the extent of his concessions to Liberal sentiment. Chance appears to have thrown into his way Dr. Arnold's essay on "Principles of Church Reform," and he has discovered that the positions laid down by that eminent man agree very closely with the convictions he had arrived at by independent study of the Scriptures. As may be supposed, therefore, he gives utterance to his thoughts in a tone of thorough earnestness, and the idea which dominates them is to the effect that the relation of the Church of England to Nonconforming religious communities ought to be that of the Jewish Temple to the Synagogues of Judea, as exemplified during the life of our Lord. We do not take up this little brochure with any view to criticise it. We at once recognise and appreciate the Christian fervour, and, we may add, the expansive charity of its reverend author. We refer to it now, simply in illustration of a fact to which we have often adverted before, namely, the monstrous assumption, conscious or unconscious, of which the clergy of the Church of England are guilty when they deal with those who are outside of the Establishment.

Here, for instance, is a writer whose object is plainly to recognise Dissenters of all Evangelical shades as brethren. He looks back with shame upon the narrowness and intolerance of the Church of England in the 17th and 18th centuries. He views with evident regret the social exclusiveness which too frequently characterises it even in the present day. He calls upon his brother Churchmen to open their hearts to all who are doing the work of Christ, though they may not be doing it in connection with the Establishment; and he entreats Dissenters to prosecute their ministrations for the future, not in separation from, but in subordination to, the National Church of this Kingdom. Nevertheless, what is the general position

which, in pursuit of this object, he deems it consistent with his own feelings, and flattering, we suppose, to the feelings of Dissenters to maintain? It is this—"We, as Churchmen, are symbolised by the Temple; you, as Nonconformists, are symbolised by the Synagogue." The Temple and its service, he says, was the centre of operation of a great religious community of which the Lord Christ was himself the Head. "All Israelites were priests, called to God's service apart from all the other nations of the earth. But it also pleased God, who loveth order, to set apart a sufficient number from their brethren, to His own sole service, the more effectually to accomplish His designs." The Synagogues, however, were entirely subordinate to the Temple. "They were meeting-houses for the reading of the Scriptures, and for instruction, and for prayer; they were with, and for, not against, God's prescribed forms of worship and teaching. And hence, when the Lord came into the world He recognised the Synagogues, and prayed and taught in them, at the times when He was not called to worship and teach in the *higher* Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem. He went to both, but He asserted the superiority and the supremacy of the Temple."

The simplicity with which the Rector of Cavendish takes for granted the analogy subsisting between the Temple and the Synagogue, and Church and Dissent, is quite refreshing. "Why," he asks, "on the face of the matter, is there not the same difference between the Church and Meeting Houses now, as there used to be between the Temple and the Synagogue in olden times? The sacrifices done in the Temple could not be presented to the Lord in any other place; the ministers of the Temple were of the Lord's own direct creation; they of the Synagogue were of men and appointed as men pleased; men set them up and men could put them down. The property of the Temple belonged to the Lord; the property of the Synagogues to men. The Temple was so chief, that the Synagogue hung on it for life, and became an idolatrous imagination apart from the Temple; the members of the Synagogue became Samaritans if they presumed to forsake the Temple, or dared in self-will to erect their house in any the least rivalry to God's building. Thus the Synagogues were subordinate to the Temple, in teaching and worship, and this Christ sanctioned. Is it probable, then, that Meeting Houses and Dissenting Bodies can now, scripturally before God, occupy any other position relative to the Church?"

Our readers will hardly thank us, we fear, for setting out in our columns, at so great length, a theory so utterly absurd. But it may be noted as one of the inevitable products of a Church Establishment, that it nourishes in its clergy a special identification of their office with the highest authority from heaven. No words of ours can make clear to the minds of others our sense of the terrible mischief wrought in the Church by this mistake. The zeal which contends, although with the utmost charity, and with perfect conscientiousness, for centring authority in the official *status* of the ministers of truth, instead of in the truth itself, unintentionally, perhaps, but really, makes war upon the first principles of the Christian revelation. There will never be a return to that perfect freedom and charity which characterised

the Christian Churches in the time of the Apostles until we finally get rid of the idea that spiritual authority grows out of any other root than that of spiritual truth. Churches contending amongst themselves which of them shall be the superior do but repeat the sin of the disciples when they disputed amongst themselves which should be the greater. For our own part, we should like to see a stronger disposition amongst them all to sink their own official and ecclesiastical status, and to exemplify in their proceedings, both towards each other and towards the world, something of that indifference to mere human repute, which their Lord displayed in the course of His Ministry. It will be better for revealed truth, for its prospects, and for the stability of its triumphs, when those who undertake to proclaim it to their fellow-men think less of their own position in regard to it, and make more of its indescribable beauty and power.

Ecclesiastical arrogance has, perhaps, done more than any other cause, to beget a spirit of religious scepticism. Cultivated minds speedily grow tired of the airs assumed by sacerdotalism of any kind. The spirit which breathes them is wonderfully similar to that which, in the political world, is the offspring of Caesarism. It ostentatiously identifies itself with the maintenance of order, and it becomes a prolific source of all disorder. It takes into its hands more than it was originally appointed to manage, and, we need hardly say, miserably mismanages it. To a certain extent it destroys the feeling of individuality, and where the consciousness of individuality is tampered with, responsibility soon ceases to be recognised by the conscience. We may see the effect, at this moment, in the Church of England. Priestly assumptions have largely paralysed the energies of the great body of Church members; and even those who, like the Rector of Cavendish, clearly see the evil, and wish to renounce it, have been so imbued by the system with the spirit of ascendancy, that they exhibit its power over their minds in their very struggle to subdue it. When they are most anxious to put away from them everything that is exclusive and intolerant in its character, they still cry with devout enthusiasm, "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we."

ECCLIASTICAL NOTES.

TOWARDS the end of the last Session of Parliament, an extraordinary charge was made against the Nonconformists in respect to the education question. It was said that their aims were narrow, and that all that they wanted was sectarian aggrandisement. The baselessness of such a charge was patent enough, inasmuch as they had never asked for anything but unsectarian education. It is, however, popularly affirmed that when Nonconformists want anything they always want it for themselves, and themselves only. Knowledge of history, as well as knowledge of modern politics, is, unfortunately, rather rare; or it might be known that the Nonconformists have never asked anything for their own sectarian advantage. The Statute-book is crowded with Acts of Parliament in favour of the Episcopal sect; but there is not one Act, we are happy to say, in favour of any Nonconformist denomination. All the terrors of the law, and all the influences of society have been brought to bear against Nonconformity, but the Nonconformists have neither used, nor wished to use, any of these measures in return.

All that they have ever claimed is unrestrained liberty and free action: not once has any denomination made a request for an Act to be passed for its own especial benefit. This is a fact which we should like to repeat over and over again, because it is a typical fact. More than this, it is a fact which ought to tell upon the people of England as a whole. We cannot, just now, follow it through all its workings, but we may express the opinion that it is one, the proof and repetition of which might be of great service during the coming struggle: for the result of any thorough examination of English history would be to find that the Church has always been on the side of sectarianism, while the Nonconformists have always been found on the side of unsectarianism. The first would have mere denominationalism; the second would sink denominationalism in a common Christianity.

We have been led to say what we have said by reading an article in the *Guardian* on "School Boards." We need not repeat our high opinion of the character of the journal to which we have referred; it is so high that we have read with regret the remarks of the *Guardian* upon this subject. It would seem, however, that it is impossible for Churchmen to sink to sectarianism whenever they discuss any public subject, and probably a more sectarian article than that of the *Guardian* was never written. We have not counted how often the words "Church Schools" are used in this paper, but it is often enough. The purpose of the writer is to show that there might now be "a great extension of Church Schools," and to renew "our earnest appeal to Churchmen to rise to the present need of action and of sacrifice in order to secure and advance our old Church Schools." This, with regard to what may be done for the extension of Episcopalianism under the old law, but we are also reminded that "Churchmen should consider at once what attitude they assume" towards the new schools. Amongst other things, therefore, we are informed that, "of course, we, as Churchmen, must work so as to ensure that the Church should be thoroughly represented on the boards." It is next advised that "whether the clergy are extensively elected or not, we repeat that Churchmen must do their best to prevent school boards from falling into the hands of the Nonconformist or secular parties." Lastly, we are told that Churchmen must not let slip the present opportunity of "doing that service to the cause of education, and of religion which will most surely redound to the influence and welfare of the Church!" The last italics are our own. However, the article is full of "italics understood," and we believe it really represents the feeling of the best cultured Churchmen of the present day. What that feeling is, may be gathered from the sentences we have quoted. It is sectarianism, and nothing but sectarianism. There is not, we believe, a Nonconformist journal in England that would not be ashamed of giving expression to such narrow opinions upon this subject as have now found expression in the *Guardian*. It is the old thing:—There is nothing so sectarian as a so-called National Church, and nothing so unsectarian as the so-called sects. The idea of the *English Independent* writing for Independent schools, or the *Freeman* writing for Baptist schools in the style of our Church contemporary! There is now scarcely an Independent or Baptist in the kingdom who would not repudiate such advocacy.

We are sorry to find, from the same journal, that there are Churchmen who still cannot get over what is called the "Westminster scandal." We should have thought it would have been the wiser part of Churchmen to drop the discussion of such a subject; but, fortunately or unfortunately, the clergy are not distinguished by the gift of wisdom. The latest phase of this controversy is exhibited in a letter from the Rev. B. Miles, proctor of the diocese of Lincoln, to the Bishop of the Diocese, with the answer of the Bishop. Mr. Miles—innocently enough, no doubt—asks the meaning of a certain article of the Church, as well as of the Church Discipline Act, as bearing upon the controversy. The memorial from certain clergymen which accompanied his letter is ingenious as well as, apparently, ingenuous. Amongst other things, it expresses the opinion that if such action as that of the Dean of Westminster should be "allowed to pass unrepudiated, the orthodoxy of the Church of England is in great danger of being compromised, and her position degraded in the eyes of Christendom." The Bishop, in reply, refers to the Canons and Articles of the Church; and, we must say, does so in a manner quite adequate to the occasion. As we have said in these columns, the Canons and Articles utterly condemn such a "scandal"; and the wonder to us is that any Churchman

could conscientiously ignore the laws of his own Church. But to talk of the "orthodoxy of the Church of England" being endangered now! What is the "orthodoxy" of the Church of England? Would any Churchman, remembering recent legal decisions, be good enough to define what is meant by that term?

Another bishop has come forward to indicate his opinion that Church and State may possibly be separated. We refer to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who, in submitting a scheme for holding general diocesan synods in the diocese, at a "Chapter" yesterday week, remarked upon the necessity of the clergy and laity meeting together to discuss Church questions. The Bishop speaks in extraordinarily plain language as follows:—

Whether they looked at the state of public opinion in the Church and the desire very generally felt among the clergy and a considerable portion of the laity to have the opportunity of discussing Church matters, or whether they considered the weakened hold which the Church had upon the State, and the possibility of an entire separation of Church and State at no distant period, it seemed equally desirable to organise assemblies of Churchmen for other purposes than those of united worship—namely, for mutual counsel and consultation. It would, perhaps, have been well for the Church, both in our own and other lands, if the Scriptural precedent of Church councils, embracing the laity as well as the spirituality, had been more systematically followed. Churches would have been more likely to preserve their individuality and their independence if their separate life had been maintained in an atmosphere of free discussion and free management of their own affairs; and in our own country neither would the Church have become so entirely dependent upon the State, nor the clergy have had such a monopoly of the functions and the very name of the Church, if clergy and laity had habitually met together to discuss their own affairs. However, the past could not be undone. And, prospectively, should it be in the decrees of Almighty God that the Church should in this country be separated from the State, his hope was that such meetings would have been educating our people and fitting them to go alone, and preparing them for the more weighty legislative functions which would then devolve upon them.

Nothing, in our judgment, could be more fitting than the character of this language. More could not be expected from a State bishop; less could not be expected from a Christian bishop.

The last news from the colony of Victoria states that the Bill for the Abolition of State-aid to Religion has passed both Houses, and now only waits the Royal signature, which, of course, will be given. With this ends another State-Church. By-and-bye only the State-Church of England—the worst of all—will be left. A correspondent, writing to us from Melbourne, describes the nature of the Bill, which our readers are already acquainted with. In the course of his letter he says:—"Independents, Baptists, and United Presbyterians have never taken any of the money, and their portion has been for some years retained by the Government, instead of being divided amongst the Churches who would not live without it." Our correspondent adds:—"I send you the *Argus* of 6th July, with the debate. Mr. F. J. Sargood, formerly a member of Parliament here, a staunch Independent, and now in London, can tell you all about it." He adds that the Roman Catholics were, at the last, "the main opponents of abolition." We are glad to notice, from other parts of our correspondent's letter, that he has a right appreciation of the action of some old "Voluntaries"—but now denominational Compulsories, in the matter of the education question.

STATE AID TO RELIGION IN VICTORIA.

The last account we gave of the bill brought in by the Government to abolish State aid to religion was, that it awaited its final passing through the Assembly, where the almost unanimous acceptance of the measure had this expressed condition, that the present offer to continue State aid for five years more, and then abolish it utterly (the denominations at the same time getting almost complete control over their church and school lands), was the very highest that would be made, and that it would never be repeated. The first day Parliament sat this month the bill was passed in the Assembly and sent to the Council, where every one knew its greatest danger awaited it, for, with one exception, it has been in the Upper House that previous attempts to legislate in this direction have been defeated. The Council received the bill gravely, and having read it a first time without much comment, allowed a fortnight to elapse before it came up for its second reading, when there was a call of the House. There were twenty-five members present when that call was made, and satisfactory reasons were given for the non-attendance of the few absentees. Mr. A. Beckett, in proposing the second reading, advocated the passing of the bill chiefly on the ground of expediency, and because the supporters of the State-aid principle could not possibly expect better terms than were offered to it. Mr. O'Shanassy opposed the second reading, arguing that the bill was introduced contrary to the instructions given to the Governor with reference to bills which had to be reserved for the Royal assent. There should, he said, have been two

bills introduced on the subject—one for the abolition of State aid, and the other for the settlement of the question of land involved in it. If the Government had capitalised the amount they yet proposed to vote under the bill for the benefit of the denominations concerned, the plan would probably have been more acceptable, and the Government gainers by it. A good number of hon. members spoke on the question, and on a division there appeared eighteen in favour of the second reading, and seven against. This was a majority of the whole House, which met the requirement that an alteration of the Constitution Act could only be effected by an absolute majority of both Houses. When the bill was in committee next day, an attempt, headed by Mr. O'Shanassy, was made to alter the bill in some way, but the phalanx of supporters closed their ranks, refused any amendments and ultimately carried the third reading by a majority of eighteen to four votes. In this quiet way the object of fourteen years' Parliamentary and other agitation has been achieved. — *Melbourne Argus*, July 16.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

Already there is a movement in Germany which bears striking resemblance to that of the fifteenth century. A meeting of Roman Catholic professors at Nuremberg has already agreed upon a protest "against the absolute power and personal infallibility of the Pope," and has petitioned the German bishops to cause an Ecumenical Council to meet, out of Italy, in order to revise the unlawful proceedings of the Vatican Council.

The *Cologne Gazette* states that the Bishop of Rothenberg, Dr. Heffle, has resolved not to accept the infallibility dogma, and that his Chapter and the theological faculty of the city of Tübingen support him in it.

A letter has recently been addressed by Cardinal Antonelli, from Rome, to the Apostolic Nuncio at Brussels, and has been forwarded by the latter to Archbishop Manning for publication to the "faithful" in England, and the latter ordered it to be read aloud in all the churches and chapels of the Roman communion throughout his archdiocese, as he "finds a want of accurate knowledge still to exist in some men's minds on the subject." The translation of the text of the letter was as follows:—

It has been made known to the Holy See that some among the faithful, and, perhaps, even among the bishops also, are of opinion that the Apostolic Constitution which was put forth in the session of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican on the 18th day of the month of July last will not be of obligation until it has been solemnly published by some further act of the Holy See. How strange, however, such a supposition is, any one may easily know. The constitution in question had the most solemn publication possible on the very day upon which, in the Vatican Basilica, it was solemnly confirmed and promulgated by the Sovereign Pontiff in the presence of above 500 bishops; for it was then, although such was not necessary in this case, put up with the ordinary formalities in the usual places of Rome; in consequence of which it was, according to the well-known rule, made obligatory for the whole Catholic world, without need of any other publication whatsoever.

The Irish Church Convocation will meet for the despatch of business on the 18th of October.

The Marquis of Bute has contributed the munificent sum of 10,000*l.* towards the Catholic Education Crisis Fund.

The archdeaconry of Launceston, diocese of Tasmania, has been conferred upon the Rev. Dr. Brown.

The election to the Mastership of Balliol College, Oxford, is fixed for the 7th instant, when it is expected that Professor Jowett will be elected unanimously.

THE BAPTIST UNION AND THE UNIVERSITY AUTHORITIES.—We have already stated that the autumnal meeting of the Baptist Union will be held at Cambridge this month, beginning with the 19th inst. It is pleasant to read that the Rev. Dr. Cartmell, Master of Christ's College, informs the committee that he is extremely glad at the opportunity of evincing Christian sympathy towards this denomination, and announces that Christ's College will be glad to accommodate twenty-five of the delegates. The authorities at Trinity College, whilst expressing their inability to go as far as Christ's, have nevertheless granted permission for any members of the college to entertain their friends who may attend the Conference within the college.

THE BRIGHTON RITUAL CASE.—The proceedings in this case, which originally stood as "Elphinstone v. the Rev. John Purchas" (Incumbent of St. James's Chapel, Brighton) are still going on, although no formal steps before Ecclesiastical Courts can be taken until after the close of the Long Vacation. In consequence of the death of Colonel Elphinstone, the Judicial Committee of Privy Council allowed Mr. Henry Hebbert, formerly one of the judges of the High Court of Judicature at Bombay, to proceed with the case as promoter, and all the points which Sir Robert Phillimore disallowed, as well as those he granted, will have to come on for revision before the same tribunals.

FATHER SUFFIELD.—The *Manchester Guardian* says:—"Father Suffield, the eloquent Benedictine whose protest against the most memorable act of the Vatican Council has excited some attention in this country, has gone a step beyond the rejection of the dogma of Papal infallibility. He has quitted the Roman communion. It would seem that as soon as this fact became known overtures were made to him with the view of his joining the Anglican Church. He has declined to do so. The Articles and the

Athanasian Creed block the way; indeed, he 'questions alike the infallibility of the Pope and of the Scriptures.' He throws in his lot with 'those who are commonly called Unitarians, Free Christians, or Christian Theists,' and states, in effect, that he intends to accept the office of minister of a Free Christian congregation."

BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN'S FAREWELL SERMON.—On Sunday morning Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen preached his last sermon, previous to his departure for India, at Unity Church, Upper-street, Islington. The discourse, which lasted nearly an hour, was a vindication of the Unitarian belief. The preacher said he considered that the Unitarians were engaged in the most important religious movement of the present day, and that upon its success depended that unity in religion which should be the most prominent characteristic of the Christian church. In concluding, he said he had felt a call within him to come to this country and make known the causes of his conversion, and he had done so in the hope and the belief that his stay here would be productive of some spiritual good. That hope and that belief would be a consolation and a strength to him when far away from England, where he had experienced an amount of kindness vastly exceeding his expectations, and of which he should always have a lively recollection.

THE VACANT IRISH BISHOPRIC.—The Bishopric of Kilmore, Elphin, and Ardagh, twice vacant since the passing of the Irish Church Act, has given rise to a voluminous correspondence between the Primate and a large number of the clergy of Elphin and Ardagh, who desired that the new appointment should be made after the fashion proposed to be adopted at the close of the present year, when the Church will have actually ceased to be established. But the Primate has definitively declined to accede to their request, and has retained the nomination in his own hand. A deputation even waited on His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, with whom the final appointment rested, and obtained from His Excellency an intimation that if they could get the Primate to accede to their wishes he would interpose no obstacle. The Primate, however, declined to give way, and the final result is already known in the appointment of the Dean of Kilmore. The person who would have been probably chosen by the clergy of Elphin and Ardagh was the Ven. Archdeacon of Ardagh, the Rev. Dr. Darley.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE ON THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of Winchester presided on Thursday afternoon at a numerous meeting held in the grounds of Testwood Park, near Southampton, in aid of the funds of the Additional Curates' Society. Some details respecting the local operations of the association having been given, the Bishop delivered an address, in the course of which he said that the most careful statistical inquiries showed that there were twenty millions of souls at this time in England and Wales to be provided with the ministrations of Christianity, of whom five millions were excluded by the lack of provision from the ordinances of the Church of Christ—one quarter of the population needing the opportunity of Christian worship, Christian teaching, and the ministration of the Christian sacraments obtruded upon them. Canon Blakesley, who was one of the shrewdest-headed men he knew, had made some comparisons between the England of 1688 and that of 1868. At the time of the Revolution in 1688, for every ten thousand of the population of England and Wales there were eighteen clergymen to minister to them, and from every 10,000 of the national income, 118*l.* went to maintain such clergymen; but in 1868 there were less than nine clergymen to the same number of the population, while the proportionate amount of national income to maintain them had diminished from 118*l.* to 67*l.* Thus, then, while the population had increased fourfold, the number of ministers of the Established Church had decreased, while their resources, relatively to the wealth of the country, had diminished by more than one-half, proving that the clergy were less paid and less numerous, as compared with the people they had to work amongst, than at the time of the Revolution. In conclusion, he urged his hearers to promote by all means in their power the object of the society for which he pleaded.

Religious and Denominational News

The Church Missionary Society has received an anonymous donation of 4,000*l.*

OPEN-AIR PREACHING BY A BISHOP.—The Bishop of Bath and Wells, on Monday, was present at Priddy fair, in Somersetshire, and delivered an impressive sermon to a large and attentive assembly on the Green.

Mr. Thomas Jackson, B.A., Pye-Smith Scholar of New College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church and congregation worshipping in Castle-street Independent Chapel, Launceston, to become their pastor, and will enter on his duties there on the last Sunday in September.

BRADFORD.—On Wednesday, August 24, the ordination of Mr. G. A. Harris, late of Airedale College, as a missionary to the island of Mangaia, South Sea, took place at Salem Chapel, Bradford. The Rev. W. Kingsland read the Scriptures and offered the introductory prayer. The Rev. G. Gill, of Burnley, gave a description of the field of labour to which Mr. Harris has been appointed by the directors of the London Missionary Society. The Rev. J. R. Campbell, D.D., asked the usual questions. The Rev. J. G. Miall offered the ordination prayer; and the Rev. D. Fraser, LL.D., President of Airedale College, delivered the charge. The service was concluded by the Rev. Samuel Walker (Wesleyan) with prayer.

There was a large attendance, and much interest was manifested in Mr. Harris and his future work.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—The first meetings of the General Council of the Congregational Union of Western Australia were held at Perth during the third week of April. All the ministers of the Union were present, with the representatives of their churches. It was resolved to open correspondence with the Victorian Union, with a view to the circulation of denominational information by means of the *Year-Book*. The magazine which has heretofore consisted of the *Christian Penny Magazine*, supplemented by colonial matter, is to be discontinued, and a monthly periodical, to be called the *Free Church's Advocate*, in the newspaper form, substituted. A young man possessing the mental qualifications for usefulness in course of training for mission work, and should an application for aid made to the Colonial Missionary Society be successful, he will be at once employed. It is yet the day of small things with Congregationalism in Western Australia. Hitherto its members have in all Governmental statistics been registered as Protestants.

MR. MIALL, M.P., AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

(From the *Bradford Observer*.)
The following correspondence has taken place between the Brick-lane Branch of the Bradford Liberal Electoral Association and Mr. Miall, M.P. :—

(Copy.)
"Brick-lane Branch of the Bradford Liberal Electoral Association, Bradford,
"August 16, 1870.

"Edward Miall, Esq., M.P.
"Sir,—No more appropriate time could present itself than the close of the Parliamentary session for the expression of opinion on the part of your constituents respecting the way in which you have represented them in the Commons House of Parliament. We have watched your career with the most lively interest, and we are sure that our humble expression of approval of the thoroughly liberal manner in which you have always voted cannot be received with greater satisfaction than that which it gives us in rendering it. We have not been disappointed in you; on the contrary, we feel proud of our choice, for your frank, outspoken conduct has been such as to inspire us with still greater esteem for you, and, if possible, with still greater confidence in you. We wish particularly to express our thanks for the bold and manly speech you made on the way in which the warmest and most zealous supporters of the present Ministry have been treated by the Government during the passing of the Educational Bill through the House, and at the same time we would express our admiration of the vigorous way in which you hinted at the defects of the bill, and objected to the unfair treatment of that party whose principles embodied a national unsectarian compulsory education. We are entirely of your opinion when you so truly affirm that the session has been one of compromises, and we do most cordially acknowledge our obligations for the energetic protest you made against the compromising spirit which prevails in the House, the real effect of which is to obstruct all just legislation. Once more thanking you for the noble fidelity to principle you have shown during the past session, and assuring you of our confidence that you will as faithfully represent us in the future, we are, on behalf of the Brick-lane Branch of the Bradford Liberal Electoral Association, yours most respectfully,

"J. RIGG, Chairman.
R. WHITAKER, Secretary."

(Copy.)

"Llandudno, North Wales, September 2, 1870.

"My Dear Sir.—My absence from home in pursuit of recreation, after the severe labours of the late session, will, I hope, be accepted as an explanation and apology, in reference to the delay of my answer to your very kind and welcome communication of August 17th. How gratifying it is to me to hear of the approval of my Parliamentary course by any portion of my constituents, it is almost impossible for me to express in suitable terms. The letter of the Brick-lane Branch of the Bradford Liberal Election Association greatly cheered me. I request you, as their secretary, to take the earliest opportunity that may present itself, to convey to the members my earnest gratitude and my high appreciation of the good opinion they have kindly expressed of me.—I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

"Mr. Robert Whitaker." "EDWARD MIALL."
The following letter has been received by the Secretary of the No. 1 District, West Ward Liberal Association, from Mr. Miall, in reply to one sent by that association expressing approval of the hon. gentleman's conduct during the past session of Parliament :—

"Llandudno, North Wales, September 2nd, 1870.

"My Dear Sir,—Your letter in behalf of the No. 1 District West Ward Liberal Association has been forwarded to me here. My absence from home will be accepted, I hope, as my apology for not having sent you an earlier reply.

"The approval of my Parliamentary course last session by any section of my constituents is a sufficient reward for any labour I may have undergone, or for any unpleasant duties I may have felt myself obliged to discharge. I rejoice in their kind appreciation of my fidelity to the principles I profess, and heartily thank them for having given utterance to their satisfaction.

"Their letter will encourage me to do the best I can for the promotion of those principles in future.—I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

"EDWARD MIALL."

THE WAR.

TOTAL DEFEAT OF MACMAHON.—CAPITULATION OF HIS ARMY.—SURRENDER OF THE EMPEROR.

A series of crushing defeats of Marshal MacMahon last week are thus reported by the King of Prussia in telegrams to Queen Augusta :—

VARENNES, Aug. 30 (3.30 p.m.).

We won a victorious battle yesterday.

MacMahon was beaten by the 4th and 13th Saxon and the 1st Bavarian Army Corps, and was driven back from Beaumont beyond the Meuse near Mouson.

Twelve cannon and several thousand prisoners, together with a very large quantity of war material, are in our hands.

Our losses are moderate.

I am about to return to the battle-field, to follow up the results of the victory.

May God help us further in His mercy, as He has done hitherto

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SEDAN,
Sept. 1 (4.15 p.m.)

Since 7.30 this morning a battle, victoriously progressing, is taking place round Sedan. The Royal Guard, the 4th, 5th, 11th, and 13th Army Corps, and the Bavarian Corps are engaged. The enemy has been almost entirely driven back into the town.

SEDAN, Sept. 2 (1.30 p.m.).

General Wimpffen, commanding in place of the wounded Marshal MacMahon, has capitulated. The whole army in Sedan surrenders. The Emperor not having a command, and leaving everything to the Regency in Paris, has surrendered to myself personally. I shall immediately have an interview with him, and decide where he is to go. What a wonderful dispensation of God Almighty!

BEFORE SEDAN, Sept. 2 (1.22 p.m.).

A capitulation, whereby the whole army at Sedan are prisoners of war, has just been concluded with General Wimpffen, who was in command instead of the wounded Marshal MacMahon.

The Emperor only surrendered himself to me, as he himself has no command, and left everything to the Regency in Paris. His place of residence I shall appoint after I have had an interview with him at a rendezvous which will immediately be held. What a course events have assumed by God's guidance!

VARENNES, September 4 (8 a.m.).

What a thrilling moment, that of my meeting with Napoleon! He was cast down, but dignified in his bearing and resigned. I gave him Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, as the place where he will stay. Our meeting took place in a small castle in front of the western *glacis* of Sedan. From there I rode through the ranks of our army round Sedan.

The reception by the troops—thou mayst imagine it—indescribable. I finished my five hours' ride at night-fall, at half-past seven, but only arrived back here at 1 a.m. May God aid us further!

Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times* with the Crown Prince, sent the following telegram from Varennes on Saturday :—"There has been a great battle around Sedan all to-day. Marshal MacMahon has been utterly defeated, with great loss, and driven into and within the walls after a desperate resistance to a combined attack from the Crown Prince and the Prince of Saxony. Sedan is on fire upon two sides. There were attacks on three sides. After ten hours' fighting the French were utterly beaten. The Emperor surrendered to the King of Prussia, and 80,000 men capitulated. Marshal MacMahon is wounded. The Prussian losses are not very heavy. The Crown Prince is well."

A military correspondent of the *Times* gives the following detailed description of these terrible engagements :—

When MacMahon conceived the brilliant but dangerous idea of eluding the Prussian armies and relieving Bazaine before Metz, he evidently miscalculated the powers of the force under his command. It was on Tuesday, the 23rd of August, that, after retiring from Chalons upon Rheims, he first commenced his movement in advance. It is probable that he reckoned upon marching twenty miles per day, and that a previous arrangement with Bazaine had fixed the 31st of August as the date upon which he would thus be able to raise the investment of Metz. The French newspapers had so consistently perverted facts that the very announcement of this movement must have induced the Prussians to disbelieve in it. It is now certain that it was only on the Thursday they became convinced that the advance was a reality, and not a feint. MacMahon should then have been eighty miles on his road towards Metz, and when the real truth became known in the Prussian camp Bismarck became anxious, and even the impassive Moltke had a *mauvais quart d'heure*. But on that Thursday MacMahon's force had only done twenty miles. The men were utterly overloaded, and the army, having been hastily made up, comprised a large number of men in no condition for a forced march. The armies of the Crown Prince and Prince of Saxony started in pursuit, and doing their twenty miles per day the result was no longer doubtful. MacMahon, finding himself foiled, passed the Meuse at Mouson, with De Failly's corps to protect his right front, and took up a position on the heights between Mouson and Sedan. But on Tuesday last the Prussians, having occupied the woods near Beaumont, suddenly surprised De Failly very much as they had done at Weissenburg, and after a severe action fought on Tuesday afternoon, in which

some of the Marines particularly distinguished themselves, De Failly, with considerable loss, repassed the river and joined the main army. On that afternoon the Emperor was at Carignan, but later in the evening the orders for a retreat were given out, and, leaving one division near Carignan, the rest of the army threw back its left and occupied the heights between Bazelle and Francheville. Early on the morning of Wednesday the Prussian army, having crossed the Meuse, opened a heavy fire upon the right and centre of the French position. The division left at Carignan fell back close to the Belgian frontier, and, after making a long and useless detour with no enemy near at hand, got one brigade into position to the left of Francheville at about two o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime a heavy fire had been going on, especially on the French right, without any decisive result, but rather favourably for the French. At about one o'clock the Prussians pushed down a considerable cavalry force, and drove a crowd of French stragglers into the woods near Francheville, but a division of French cavalry deploying on the heights to their left checked any further advance. Towards four o'clock the fire slackened on both sides, and had almost ceased long before dusk. Soon after daylight on the morning of Thursday the battle recommenced with a heavy cannonade on both sides. During the night the French left had been still further reinforced, and their line now extended from Bazelle by Givogue to the heights in front of La Chapelle. Thus their right rested upon the Meuse, and their left upon Belgian territory. In the meantime the Prussians had occupied the heights of Francheville in force, and had brought up some fresh corps not engaged on Wednesday. They searched the woods on the Belgian frontier with clouds of light cavalry, and pushed forward to the attack of La Chapelle, which they carried with ease at about eleven o'clock, the village being defended only by a battalion of *Francs-tireurs*. The attack upon the French right and centre, which occupied a strong position on the main road from Bouillon to Sedan, with a sluggish and wooded stream running along the front, had not been successful; but after taking La Chapelle the Prussian left advanced rapidly, and pushing back Lebrun's corps in utter disorder, together with five cavalry regiments on the French extreme left flank, completely turned Givogue. The French division on the left fell back in utter rout upon Belgian territory, and the cavalry, galloping wildly from the field, broke up into small detachments, and sought safety in the immense woods of St. Cecile. The French right still resisted stubbornly, but, passing the Meuse near Doncherry, the Prussians threatened their communications, while their completely victorious right gradually hemmed in the remains of the army of MacMahon. MacMahon himself had been wounded, and by five o'clock the whole French army was in full retreat in a disorganised state in the direction of Mézières. About 7,000 men had already reached Belgian territory, and the roads near the frontier were blocked with deserted caissons, while cavalry, infantry, and artillery all mixed together still crowded wildly on. The Prussian cavalry pushed forward on their right, and by seven o'clock the French army was nearly surrounded. At eight the Emperor, who had been in Sedan, sent in a proposition to surrender himself, and at ten on Friday morning he did so in person, while the army, broken, dispersed, and demoralised, capitulated to the Prussians. The Prussian forces numbered about 220,000, and the French about 100,000. By two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday nearly all the wounded had been collected, and the dead were being rapidly interred. The principal losses were near Sedan and Bazelle, and the mitrailleuses worked with deadly effect in that direction. The French made no attempt at entrenching their position. Their cavalry showed the same incapacity that has characterised them throughout the war. One whole brigade of light cavalry, without being pressed, took refuge in the woods and crossed the frontier. The losses on both sides must have been very considerable. In a little valley near Bazelle lay the bodies of De Failly, his aide-de-camp, and both their horses, all killed by one shell. His incapacity had been the main cause of MacMahon's defeat at Woerth, and it was his corps that was surprised at Moulon, but he died a soldier's death, and

Never more on him shall sorrow light or shame.

On Friday the King visited the different Prussian divisions. All were in perfect order, and it was difficult to believe in such wonderful regularity the day after a great battle. Strangers were allowed to visit the field without hindrance, and were received with the greatest civility, in marked contrast to the petty annoyances to which they had been subjected by the French. Men and horses were in excellent condition. The Prussian idea seemed to be that they would immediately march on Paris. It is impossible to doubt the final result. There is unquestionably considerable enthusiasm in Paris, but the *levy en masse* so much boasted of is a complete sham. The villages are all full of young men, all of whom declare that not a single Prussian will ever leave France, and seem to consider that this declaration is quite a sufficient effort on their part. They are ready to tear any unfortunate traveller to pieces under the pretence of his being a spy, but are abjectly civil at the sight of a corporal's party of Uhlans. The old soldiers on the French side fought admirably, and bore all the brunt of the recent action, but many of the hastily-formed battalions broke up without ever firing a shot, and seemed much more anxious to retire upon Belgium than upon France. The Belgian troops did their duty in disarming the fugitives with great consideration. All the Prussian officers who crossed the frontier were wounded, but the towns swarmed with unwounded French officers, whose contented levity in the face of such a great national disaster was the subject of general remark.

Twelve thousand Frenchmen, with cannon, eagles, and 1,200 horses, have crossed the Belgian frontier and laid down their arms. A portion of the wounded, who were lying in great numbers on the last battlefield, have been transported into Belgium.

It is stated that after the capitulation of the army at Sedan the fortress of Montmédy was summoned to surrender, and that its commandant peremptorily refused. It has since been bombarded. The Prussians have cut the communications between Mézières and Charleville.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes the following vivid description of the great battle of Thursday, from its correspondent at the German headquarters:—

Above the village of Cheveigne rises a high hill, from the crown of which a most magnificent view, not only of the town of Sedan, but of the whole valley of the Meuse for many miles, is to be obtained. The battle began about 6 a.m., and the King left the village of Vendres, where he had slept, at 7.30 a.m. for the scene of action. I arrived there about half an hour after His Majesty. A more splendid panorama than that which stretched for miles beneath us it would be impossible to imagine. The hill on which the King, Bismarck, Von Roon, General Moltke, and a numerous staff (including Generals Sheridan and Forsyth, in the uniform of the United States) stood, is about three miles from the town of Sedan, which lies on the Meuse some thousand feet below. On our left, about half a mile off, was another eminence, crowned by a chateau newly built and ugly, in front of which the Crown Prince and his staff were placed. On our left, in the valley below, were heavy masses of Prussian cavalry out of range of the French guns. Still farther to the left, though out of sight, were the Wurttembergers, in reserve in case the doomed and hemmed-in French army should attempt to break out in that direction. About half a mile in front of the cavalry ran the Meuse, the broken railway bridge forming a most conspicuous *point de mire* from our hill. On the right bank—the French side, I may say—the Prussians had a battery of six guns, which did them great service during the first six hours of the action. Beyond this battery was a large village, named Floing, which met with the usual fate of villages in warfare, being all on fire by the French shells early in the day. The Prussian line extended for miles beyond the village, as far as the great woods of Condé and Sedan, which run to the Belgian frontier, only some ten miles from where we stood, and form part of the great forest of Ardennes. To the right—our right—of the Prussian line, and distant about three miles, lay Sedan; but between Floing and Sedan there is first a plain and then a low hill running out as a promontory into the plain, and steep on the side towards Floing, but flat and unbroken on the top for more than a mile until it reaches the outskirts of Sedan, where it rises sharply to the woods of La Garenne above the town. Right of this hill lies Sedan, its buildings and old-fashioned fortifications plainly visible to the naked eye from our hill. We could easily distinguish not only the fortifications, but all the larger buildings, a new-looking stone church with a handsome Gothic spire being conspicuous. To the right or east of this were large barracks close to the Meuse, and beyond these again an old castle, I believe the arsenal of Sedan. Above this chateau to the north-eastward was the citadel. Above Sedan is the wood of La Garenne, and in the faubourgs between these woods and the town itself were the French troops in masses, some of the columns apparently inactive all day. On the east of the town was a tolerably open space for some three or four miles, and then a gentle rise on which the French batteries were placed; beyond them were large woods, in front of which were the Saxons under Prince Albert, the heir to the throne. Behind the Saxons were the Prussian Guards in reserve, at first to prevent the French attempting to cut their way out to Carignan and Montmédy. Between the Saxons and ourselves, and south-east of Sedan on both sides the Meuse, were the two Bavarian corps, their left flank extending to our hill, and joining the two Prussian corps of which I have already spoken on the west and south-west of the beleaguered town. On the immediate right of our hill was the large wood of La Mariée, famous for a battle in the wars of the League. Between this and Sedan the ground sloped away, forming a plateau half-way down to the river, which was occupied by the Bavarian batteries thundering all day at our feet.

The number of the Prussian troops engaged was estimated by General Moltke at 240,000, and that of the French at 100,000. We know that MacMahon had with him on Tuesday 120,000—i.e. four corps—his own; that lately commanded by General de Failly, now under General Lebrun; that of Felix Douay, brother of General Abel Douay, who fell at Weisseburg; and a fourth corps principally composed of Gardes Mobiles, the name of whose commander has escaped me. MacMahon being wounded, General Wimpffen commanded in chief on the French side. It is almost needless to say that the commander-in-chief of the Germans was Von Moltke, with the Crown Prince and Prince Albert of Saxony immediately next in command. There was hardly any manoeuvring at all during the day. The Prussian, Bavarian, and Saxon army corps formed a crescent round the town, with its horns towards the Belgian frontier. About twelve o'clock this crescent became a circle, the junction between the Prussians on the left and the Saxons on the right being effected near the road to Bouillon, not far from La Chapelle. This circle grew ever smaller and smaller, until at length its circumference was inside the outskirts of Sedan itself.

There had been a few stray cannon-shots fired—merely "sighting shots," however—as soon as it was light, but the real battle did not begin until six o'clock, becoming a sharp artillery fight at once, when the batteries had on each side got within easy range, and the shells began to do real mischief. At 11.55 the musketry fire in the valley behind Sedan, which had begun about 11.25, became tremendously lively, being one continued rattle, only broken by the loud growling of the mitrailleuses, which played with deadly effect on the advancing Saxon and Bavarian columns. General Sheridan, who was standing by me at the time, told me that he never remembered to have heard such well-sustained and long-continued small-arm fire. It made itself heard above the roar of the batteries at our feet. At twelve precisely the Prussian battery—six guns—on the slope above the broken railway bridge over the Meuse near La Vilette had silenced two batteries of French guns at the foot of the hill already mentioned, near the village of Floing. At ten minutes past twelve the French infantry, no longer supported by their artillery, was compelled to retire from Floing, and soon afterwards the junction between the Saxons and Prussians behind Sedan was announced to us by General Von Roon, eagerly peering through a large telescope, as being safely completed. From this

moment the result of the battle was as good as foregone, the French being completely surrounded and brought to bay. At 12.25 we were all astonished to see clouds of retreating French infantry on the hill between Floing and Sedan, a Prussian battery in front of St. Menges making good practice with percussion shell among the retreating ranks. The whole hill for a quarter of an hour was literally covered with "Frenchmen running rapidly." Less than half an hour after, at 12.50, General Von Roon called our attention to another French column in full retreat to the right of Sedan, on the road leading from Bazelles to La Garenne wood. They never halted until they got to a small red-roofed house on the outskirts of Sedan itself. Almost at the same moment General Sheridan, who was using my opera glass, called my attention to a third French column moving up a broad grass road through La Garenne wood immediately above Sedan, doubtless to support the troops defending the important Bazelles ravine to the north-east of the town. At 12.55 the French batteries on the edge of the wood and above it opened a vigorous fire on the advancing Prussian columns of the 3rd Corps, whose evident intention it was to storm the hill north-west of Garenne, and so gain the key of the position on that side. At 1.5 yet another French battery near the wood opened on the Prussian columns, which were compelled to keep shifting their ground till ready for their final rush at the hill, in order to avoid offering so good a mark to the French shells. Shortly after we saw the first Prussian skirmishers on the crest of the La Garenne hill above Torcy. They did not seem in strength, and General Sheridan, standing beside me, exclaimed, "Ah! the beggars are too weak, they can never hold that position against all those French." The General's prophecy soon proved correct, for the French advancing at least six to one, the Prussians were forced to retire down the hill to seek reinforcements from the columns which were hurrying to their support. In five minutes they came back again, this time in greater force, but still terribly inferior to the huge French columns. "Good heavens! the French Cuirassiers are going to charge them," said General Sheridan; and sure enough the regiment of Cuirassiers, their helmets and breast-plates flashing in the September sun, form up in sections of squadrons and dash down on the Prussian scattered skirmishers. Without deigning to form line—squares are never used by the Prussians—the infantry received the Cuirassiers with a most tremendous "schnellfeuer" (quick fire), at about 108 yards, loading and firing as fast as possible into the dense squadrons. Over went men and horses by hundreds, and the regiment was compelled to retire much faster, it seemed to me, than it came. The moment the Cuirassiers turned bridle the plucky Prussians actually dashed in hot pursuit after them at the double. Such a thing has not often been recorded in the annals of war. The French infantry then came forward in turn and attacked the Prussians, who waited quietly under a most rapid fire of Chassepots until their enemies got within about 100 yards, when they gave them such a dose of lead that the infantry soon followed the cavalry to the "place from which they came"—that is, behind a ridge some 600 yards on the way to Sedan, where the tirailleurs could not hit them. The great object of the Prussians, was gained, as they were not dispossessed of the crest of the hill, and it was fair betting that they would do all that in them lay to get some artillery up to help them before Napoleon III. was much nearer his deposition. "There will be a heavy fight for that crest," says Sheridan, peering through his field glass at the hill, which was not three miles from where we stood, with the full fire on it from behind us. At half-past one the French cavalry, this time I fancy a regiment of Carabiniers, made another attempt to dislodge the Prussians, who were being reinforced every minute. But they met with the same fate as their brethren in the iron jackets, and were sent with heavy loss to the rightabout, the Prussians taking advantage of their flight to advance their line a couple of hundred yards nearer the French infantry. Suddenly they split into two bodies, leaving a break of a hundred yards in their line. We were not long in seeing the object of this movement, for the little white puffs from the crest behind the skirmishers, followed by a commotion in the dense French masses, show us that "ces diables de Prussiens" have contrived, Heaven only knows how, to get a couple of four-pounders up the steep ground, and have opened on the French. Something must have at this point been very wrong with the French infantry, for instead of attacking the Prussians—whom they still outnumbered by at least two to one—they remained in column on the hill seeing their only hope of retrieving the day vanishing from before their eyes, without stirring. The cavalry then tried to do a little Balaklava business, but without the success of the immortal six hundred. We took the guns in the Balaklava valley. Down came the cuirassiers once more, this time riding straight for the two fieldpieces. But before they had got within 200 yards of the guns the Prussians formed line as if on parade, and, waiting till they were within fifty yards, gave them a volley which seemed to us to destroy almost the whole of the leading squadron, and so actually block up the way to the guns for the next ones following. After this last charge, which was as complete a failure—although most gallantly conceived and executed—as the two preceding ones, the infantry fell back rapidly towards Sedan, and in an instant the whole hill was covered by swarms of Prussian tirailleurs, who appeared to rise from the ground. After the last desperate charge of the French cavalry, General Sheridan remarked to me, "I never saw anything so reckless, so utterly foolish, as that last charge—it was sheer murder."

The Prussians, after the French infantry fell back, advanced rapidly, so much so that the retreating squadrons of French cavalry turned suddenly round and charged desperately once again. But it was all no use. The days of breaking squares or even lines are over, and the "thin blue line" soon stopped the Gallic onset. It was most extraordinary that the French had neither artillery nor mitrailleuses—especially these latter—on the hill to support their infantry. The position was a most important one, and certainly worth straining every nerve to defend. One thing was clear enough, that the French infantry, after once meeting the Prussians, declined to try conclusions with them again, and that the cavalry were trying to encourage them by their example. About two, more Prussian reinforcements came over the long-disputed hill between Torcy and Sedan to reinforce the regiments already established there.

All the time that this great conflict was going on "under Fritz's eyes" and those of your correspondent, another was proceeding, none the less severe, and as murderous for the Bavarians as the one I have attempted to describe was for the French. If there was a want of mitrailleurs on the hill above Torcy, there was certainly none in the Basailles ravine. On that side there was for more than an hour one continuous roar of musketry and mitrailleurs, and the Bavarian officers told me on the 3rd that the loss in their regiments was terrible, the mitrailleurs having made lanes in their columns. At 2.5 p.m. the French totally abandoned the hill between Torcy and Sedan, and fell back on the suburbs of Caral, just outside the ramparts of the town. "Now the battle is lost for the French," says General Sheridan, to the great delight of the Prussian officers. One would almost have fancied that the French had heard his words, for they had hardly been uttered before there was a lull in the firing all along the line, or rather circle, as it has now become. Count Bismark took advantage of this to come and have a talk with his English and American friends. I was anxious to know what the Federal Chancellor had done about the threatened neutrality of Belgium, and my curiosity was soon gratified. "I have told the Belgian Minister of War," said Count Bismark, "that so long as the Belgian troops do their utmost to disarm any number of French soldiers who may cross the frontier, I will strictly respect the neutrality of Belgium, but if, on the contrary, the Belgians, either through negligence or inability, do not disarm and capture every man in French uniform who sets his foot in their country, we shall at once follow the enemy into neutral territory with our troops, considering that the French have been the first to violate the Belgian soil. I have been down to have a look at the Belgian troops near the frontier," added Herr von Bismark, "and I confess they do not inspire me with a very high opinion of their martial ardour or discipline. Why, when they have their greatcoats on one can see a great deal of paleidit but hardly any soldier." I asked His Excellency whether he thought the Emperor was in Sedan. "Oh, no," was the reply, "Napoleon is not very wise, but he is not quite so foolish as to put himself in Sedan just now." For once in his life Count Bismark was wrong. At 2.45 the King came by where I was standing, saying he thought the French were going to try and break out just beneath us, in front of the 3rd Bavarian Corps. At ten minutes to four General Sheridan told me that Napoleon and "Louis" were in Sedan. No one, however, believed this. At 3.20 the Bavarians below us not only continue to get inside the fortifications of Sedan, but maintain themselves there, wending their way forward from house to house. About four there was a great fight for the possession of the ridge above Basailles. That gone, Sedan was swept on all sides by the Prussian cannon. This point of vantage was carried by the Prussians at 4.40, and from that moment there could not be a shade of doubt as to the ultimate fate of Sedan.

THE FIELD OF CONFLICT AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

Let your readers fancy masses of coloured rags glued together with blood and brains, and pinned into strange shapes by fragments of bones. Let them conceive men's bodies without heads, legs without bodies, heaps of human entrails attached to red and blue cloth, and disembowelled corpses in uniform, bodies lying about in all attitudes with skulls shattered, faces blown off, hips smashed, bones, flesh, and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours, and then they cannot, with the most vivid imagination, come up to the sickening reality of that butchery. No nightmare could be so frightful. Several times I came on spots where there were two horses lying dead together in harness killed by the same fragment. Several times I saw four, five, and six men, four, five and six horses, all killed by the explosion of one projectile, and in one place there lay no less than eight French soldiers who must have been struck down by the bursting of a shell over a company, for they lay all round in a circle with their feet inwards, each shattered in the head or chest by a piece of shell, and no other dead being within a hundred yards of them. A curious and to me unaccountable phenomenon was the blackness of most of the faces of the dead. Decomposition had not set in, for they were killed only the day before. Another circumstance which struck me was the expression of agony on many faces. Death by the bayonet is agonising, and those who die by steel, open-eyed and open-mouthed, have an expression of pain on the features, with protruding tongue. A musket-ball, which is at once vital, does not seem to cause much pain, and the features are composed and quiet, sometimes with a sweet smile on the lips. But the prevailing expression on this field of the faces which were not mutilated, was one of terror and of agony unutterable. There must have been a hell of torture raging within that semi-circle in which the earth was torn asunder from all sides with a real tempest of iron hissing, and scorching, and bursting into the heavy masses at the hands of an unseen enemy. I cannot imagine anything so trying to the bravest man as to meet death almost ingloriously in such a scene as that—nothing so maddening to soldiers as to be annihilated without a chance of vengeance—nothing so awful to the fugitive as to see his comrades blown to fragments all around him. It is well that wives and mothers and fond sisters were spared the sight of their beloved ones, and it is well that in France it is only mothers and sisters who will have to deplore the slain. Whether the Prussians buried their dead early—the night of the battle itself—or not, I cannot tell, but their losses were almost nothing if they were to be estimated by the number of bodies on the field.

—Dr. Russell in the Times.

The special correspondent of the Daily News who rode over the greater part of the battle-field next morning, writes as follows:—"There was a dead

horse, a cuirass, a heap of broken weapons. In this cottage were several wounded Frenchmen, taking some soup with a wounded Prussian, who seemed almost too much hurt to eat. Behind the garden wall was a dead cuirassier, his hands clutching the grass in the agony of death, his face stern and determined. No one noticed him any more than if he were a dead horse. It is a curious thing to think that whole districts in quiet England will turn out to see a murdered family, and that here on a battle-field the same murdered family would be trampled into the mud without being noticed. This meadow on the hill-side is full of mangled horses and dead cuirassiers. It was here that they made a frantic attempt to break through, and were mowed down by the Prussian fusillade. You must have been on several battle-fields to understand the signs of what has taken place by the look of the spot next morning. This group of dead horses, with a helmet or two and a dozen cuirasses, with a broken trumpet and three dead cuirassiers, means serious work. The dark stains on the ground are where the wounded have lain and been removed. The little heap of swords under that hedge is where some dismounted troopers were forced to surrender. Then we come to Prussian helmets crushed and trampled. Some are marked by shell or bullet, and have blood upon them. They tell of loss to the regiment to which they belonged. Others have no particular trace of violence, and may either be signs of wounded men, or of men who have simply thrown their helmets away in the heat of action, and put on their forage caps to march more lightly. These dark stains, surrounded by knapsack and rifle, by greatcoat and cooking tin, are where men have lain who have been badly wounded, or even killed, but whose friends have made them as comfortable as could be under the difficulties of the time. One has a little shelter of twigs and branches put to keep off the sun; another has had a blanket propped on two rifles, and his knapsack for a pillow. But he has died in the night, and is left with his cloak over his face until the burying party shall come round. See yonder drums and knapsacks, stains of blood and dead men lying on their faces. It is where a heavy blow has been struck at some infantry regiment. The men have fallen under a musketry fire, and the line of dead shows where the ground was held. Come a few steps further to the rear. You perceive a few more dead men, shot whilst in flight, and a number of bright, well-cleaned rifles scattered on the turf. This is where the regiment broke and fled, where some perished with their backs to the foe, and others threw down their arms. A mitrailleuse battery, of four pieces, was surrounded with dead bodies, horses and men were lying on all sides—I cannot say in heaps, but very thickly scattered. At one place there were horses as thick as they could lie. But this was a little further down the slope to the southward, where I had seen that gallant cavalry charge. The Chasseurs à Cheval and the Chasseurs d'Afrique had dashed along the hill-side, half hidden in the dust which they raised, and had been destroyed by a steady fusillade. Here lay the famous light horsemen, with their bright uniforms dabbled in blood, and their fiery little steeds crushed and mangled by Prussian shells. Most of the men and horses now on the ground were dead, but some few wounded men yet lingered in agony, with white rings tied to sticks that were planted beside them as a means of calling the surgeon's attention when he should have time to revisit them. The badly-wounded horses, more fortunate for once in being brutes, had been killed to put them out of pain, and only a stray horse slightly wounded stood dimly here and there, wondering, perhaps, what it could all mean. Behind the scene of the light cavalry charge is a ravine that separates this shoulder of the rising ground from that immediately above Sedan. In the ravine there had been great slaughter at the end of the fight, when the French were crowded together from different points. Up behind the woods on the furthest summit of the rising ground was all the debris of a rout. It had been clear, even from a distance, that the beaten army struggled hard. Yet, nevertheless, they had been beaten, and here were arms thrown down, wagons abandoned, caps and coats, swords and rifles of every branch of the service, lying scattered on the ground. Some considerable body of troops, cut off from Sedan by the advance of the Prussians, had tried to break through to the town, and had been dispersed or captured. Nearly a hundred thousand men, at now appears, were hampered and shut in by less than two hundred thousand of their enemies. No amount of devotion could extricate the French army when once it had become the centre of a converging fire. The ghastly wounds inflicted on most of the French dead whom I saw upon the hill showed that they had fallen under an artillery fire, and the ground was in many places so ploughed up that a blanket could scarcely have been laid on it without covering some spot where a shell had exploded. The thick woods at the back of the town were full of wreck and rubbish—abandoned wagons, with the dead horses at the side, to show why they had been so left; stores of biscuit, harness, and soldiers' knapsacks were still very plentiful as one approached the village of Basailles, southward of Sedan, where the Bavarians had fought. The village was on fire, and the streets presented shocking sights to scare away the inhabitants again for a couple of days more should they now return. The half-burnt bodies of Frenchmen and Bavarians were being brought out from among ruins, and laid by the roadside. Men yet living, but terribly wounded and scorched, were moved on litters to beyond the stifling smoke of the conflagration. There was reason to fear that many poor lads had been literally roasted when the fire

came upon them and their wounds forbade all hope of escape. This village was, perhaps, the gloomiest part of all the scenes of pain and death spread around Sedan."

REPULSE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE AT METZ.

Marshal Bazaine and his army of 120,000 men around the lines of Metz have made a desperate attempt to cut their way out, but failed. The following German official telegrams describe the repulse:—

ST. BAZAINE, NEAR METZ, Sept. 1, 9.45 p.m.—Marshal Bazaine has been engaged with his whole army since early yesterday morning against our 1st Army Corps, and the division of General Kummer attached thereto. The battle lasted all day and night. The Marshal was victoriously driven back at all points during the night and to-day. The French army displayed great bravery, but had to succumb to the East Prussians. Prince Frederick Charles, both yesterday and to-day, congratulated the 1st Army Corps on both victories. The 4th Landwehr division took a glorious part in the victory of to-day.

MALANCOURT, Sept. 2.—From the morning of the 31st of August till noon yesterday General Bazaine almost incessantly endeavoured to escape to the north. Under the supreme command of Prince Frederick Charles, General Mantouffil frustrated all these attempts. At Servigny, Noisseville, and Betonfey, night surprises were met by the East Prussians with the butt end of their rifles and the bayonet. The enemy was on all points repulsed and thrown back into Metz. The 1st Corps, the 9th Corps, and the division of Kummer were engaged. Our losses were moderate; those of the enemy enormous.

The reported capitulation of Metz has not yet been confirmed, but as it is expected to surrender soon, preparations are being made for the reception of the many thousand wounded, and disinfectants have been sent there. Marshal Bazaine has released 700 Prussian prisoners, provisions being scarce at Metz. A subterranean aqueduct providing Metz with water was discovered by the Germans and destroyed.

A messenger with letters from Bazaine to the French Consul in Luxembourg was captured, and the letters on the Moselle by which the messages were sent to Metz have been seized. Several bridges north and south of Metz are being constructed to facilitate an attack. The Prussian railway round the south-eastern front of Metz is opened. It is seven miles long, and completes the Saarbrück-Nancy line.

The success claimed by the French Ministry for Bazaine on the 26th is explained by an interesting article in the Swedish Mercury, describing a visit of a part of the Stuttgart Sanitary Committee to the works before Metz that day. On their arrival in the morning, they found the Prussian outposts falling back before a rally in force made towards Courcelles. Here they had an entrenched position, which defied the further advance of Bazaine's troops, who withdrew early in the afternoon; but the visitors heard later that the French had directed a more real attack up the river to try and seize Pont-à-Mousson, and here also had been repulsed. The Prussians wounded in this affair were taken charge of by the committee, and carried through in a special train to Stuttgart.

THE IMPERIAL CAPITULATION.

The same writer gives the following full particulars of the surrender of the Emperor:—"About five o'clock there was a sudden suspension of the cannonade along the whole line. Many and diverse were the speculations as to what could be the cause of this sudden lull. You may judge of our surprise when, a few minutes afterwards, we saw a French officer, escorted by two Uhlans, coming at a hard trot up the steep bridle-path from Sedan to our post, one of the Uhlans carrying a white duster on a faggot-stick as a flag of truce. The messenger turned out to be a French colonel come to ask for terms of surrender. After a very short consultation between the King and General von Moltke, the messenger was told that, in a matter so important as the surrender of at least 80,000 men and an important fortress, it was necessary to send an officer of high rank. 'You are, therefore, to return to Sedan and to tell the governor of the town to report himself immediately to the King of Prussia. If he does not arrive in an hour our guns will open again. You may tell the commandant that it is useless his trying to obtain other terms than unconditional surrender.' The 'parlementaire' rode back with this message, and when he was fairly out of earshot many were the speculations concerning the mission. At 6.30 there was a sudden cry among the members of the King's staff of 'Der Kaiser ist da!' and then there was a loud hurrah. Soon we began to look anxiously for the arrival of the second flag of truce, and in ten minutes more General Reilly rode up with a letter for the King of Prussia. As soon as the French general was in sight the slender escort of cuirassiers and dragoons we had with us was drawn up in line two deep behind the King. In front of the escort was the Staff, and ten yards in front of them again stood His Majesty to receive General Reilly, who, we soon learnt, was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Emperor Napoleon to King William. The Emperor of the French wrote, 'At I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty.' On receipt of this most astounding letter there was a brief consultation between the King, the Crown Prince (who had come from his hill on the arrival of the flag of truce), Bismark, Moltke, and Von Roon. After a few minutes' conversation the King sat down on a rustic-bottomed chair and wrote a note on another chair, held on a table by two aides-de-camp, to the Emperor, begging him to come next morning to the King of Prussia's headquarters at Vindres. While this note was writing, Count Bismark came up to

Generals Sheridan, Forsyth, and myself, and heartily shook our hands. 'Let me congratulate you most sincerely, Count,' said General Sheridan. 'I can only compare the surrender of Napoleon to that of General Lee at Appomattox Court-house.' When it was my turn to grasp the Chancellor's hand, I could not help saying, after I had warmly congratulated him, 'You must feel proud, Count von Bismark, of having so largely contributed to the winning of to-day's victory.' 'Oh, no, my dear sir,' was the modest answer, 'I am no strategist, and have nothing to do with the winning of battles. What I am proud of is that the Bavarians, the Saxons, and the Wurtembergers have not only been on our side, but have had so large a share—the largest share—in the glory of the day. That they are with us, and not against us, that is my doing. I don't think the French will say now that the South Germans will not fight for our common Fatherland.' When the King had written his letter he himself handed his letter to General Reilly, who stood bareheaded to receive it, the Italian and Crimean medals glittering on his breast in the last rays of the setting sun. Queen Victoria's image and superscription have not often been seen on the uniforms of men capitulating without conditions. At 7.40 the general left for the beleaguered town, escorted by the Uhlans, and the duster which had served as a flag of truce was offered to me as a relic of this most memorable day. But seeing that the said duster had a very strong family resemblance to most other dusters, I declined the proffered relic. Then there was a general demand for something to drink, and Count Bismark's aide-de-camp produced two bottles of Belgian beer, one of which His Excellency shared with Generals Sheridan, Forsyth, and myself, saying that he drank to the nearer union of the three great Teuton peoples."

Dr. Russell, in the *Times*, gives the following account of the capitulation:—

"At ten o'clock, Sept. 3, the town was to be bombarded, and the French army around it to be shelled, unless the capitulations were signed. It is stated that the scene, inside the walls and out, was, to use a strong expression, 'Hell broke loose.' When the Emperor, who passed weary hours, looked out in the early morning he beheld a forest of steel and iron in valley and on hilltop, batteries posted on every eminence, cavalry in all the plains—as far as his eye could reach the hosts of embattled Germans. His decision was taken at last. He would see the King, and seek to obtain from him some mitigation of the terms. Attended by a few of his staff on horseback, His Majesty proceeded along the road from Sedan in a brühm."

"Count Bismark was in bed in his quarters in Donchery when an officer rushed in and announced that the Emperor was coming to meet him and to see the King. Count Bismark rose, dressed hastily—you may be sure in the white-peaked cap with yellow band, dark uniform coat with metal buttons and yellow facings—and hastened off to meet the Emperor. He was just in time to stop the *corridge* outside the town. I was away on the field, and therefore cannot, of my own personal knowledge, state what occurred. As His Majesty alighted I hear Count Bismark uncovered his head, and stood with his cap in his hand, and on a sign or request from the Emperor to put it on, the Count replied, 'Sire, I receive your Majesty as I would my own Royal master.' There happened to be near the place where the interview occurred, a few hundred yards outside the squalid town of Donchery, the humble cottage of a handloom weaver, of whom there are numbers around Sedan. Count Bismark led the way, and entered it. The room was not inviting. The great Count walked upstairs, and found that the apartment was filled by the handloom and appliances of the weaver, so he descended and found the Emperor sitting on a stone outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage. The Emperor sat down in one outside the cottage, Count Bismark took the other and placed it on His Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down some distance away upon a small plot of grass in front of the cottage. The conversation was a strange one, and as Count Bismark has repeated it freely, or the principal points of it, no doubt it will soon be known and remain for ever as historic. The great point to be gained was peace, but, as far as His Imperial Majesty was concerned, no assurance of it could be obtained by Count Bismark. The Emperor stated that he had no power. He could not negotiate a peace; he could not give orders to the army, nor to Marshal Bazaine; the Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve negotiations. So Count Bismark thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with His Majesty, and that it would be of no use to see the King. The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Count Bismark declared that it was not possible to accede to His Majesty's wishes 'until the capitulation had been signed.' 'Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, we ended it.' The interview terminated. Count Bismark went to see the King. The Emperor withdrew to consult his officers. It was a stupendous moment. The garrison of Sedan was furious at the idea of capitulation. But there, in grim black lines, on every bluff and knoll, on every ridge above the Meuse, and all the heights around, were drawn up the batteries which would rain a hail of fire on the devoted town. Some 600 guns would burst into a sheet of iron against every house. The town with a few old guns on the walls, with the French field artillery utterly crushed, completely commanded from

three sides, could offer no resistance. The troops outside would have simply been turned into a mass of shattered bones and torn flesh in such a shambles as history has never recorded in its page of horrors. Negotiations as to terms went on, and at last the modifications which the French urged as to the officers' side arms and parole were agreed to. At 11.30 the capitulations were signed, as agreed upon by General Wimpffen and General von Moltke, and I believe Count Bismark took part in the deliberations:—The garrison and army of Sedan to surrender as prisoners of war, to be sent into Germany; the officers to be liberated on parole that they would not serve against the King of Prussia in case the war goes on; all horses, guns, and munitions of war to be given up. The Emperor's detention in Germany was understood to be a part of the stipulation. When all this had been arranged, the King of Prussia met the Emperor as his prisoner on a wooded knoll sloping down to the Meuse. A short way outside Sedan, and separated from it by the river, stands a pretty country house built in imitation of an old chateau, but perfectly new, and provided with glass conservatories at the angles. It commands a beautiful view of the valley and town, and is surrounded by a pleasure-ground and a small plantation, secluded from the road. About two o'clock the King with his body-guard and an escort of cuirassiers, attended by the Crown Prince and a staff of general officers, proceeded to this chateau, which was charmingly furnished, and received the Emperor, who came with his personal followers and staff in charge under escort, which was ranged on the other side of the avenue facing the cuirassiers. The King and his captive retired into the glass house off one of the saloons on the drawing-room floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King the Emperor had a few moments' conversation with the Crown Prince, in which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King. His great anxiety seemed to be not to be exhibited to his own soldiers. The result was, however, that His Majesty, wishing to avoid one mischief, was exposed to a greater humiliation, for his course had to be altered to avoid Sedan, and thus he had to pass through the lines of the Prussian army. Sedan will be surrendered formally to-day, and General Schulz has been appointed to make the needful arrangements with the French authorities. The prisoners surrendered under the capitulation will be marched off in bodies of 10,000 a day under escort to Germany, and great anxiety is caused by the question of provisions on the way."

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

The Emperor Napoleon, with a suite of about 100 persons, and with the Imperial horses and carriages, arrived on Saturday at noon at Bouillon, escorted by a Prussian General, en route for Germany by way of Liège. The King of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon had jointly asked the Belgian Government to authorise the latter's passage through Belgian territory. His Majesty arrived at Verviers, *vid Liège*, on Sunday afternoon, and alighted at the railway-station. General Boyen, Aide-de-Camp of the King of Prussia, and several Prussian officers, formed the escort. At Libramont, where there was a delay of an hour, he walked for some time up and down the platform, conversing with Count Montholon and other persons, and also one of the engineers of the railway. At Jemelle, Prince Pierre Bonaparte had a brief interview with him. At Liège it was not generally known that the Emperor was coming that way, but some 150 persons were waiting to see the deposed sovereign. They maintained perfect silence. Napoleon did not seem to be at all embarrassed. He drew aside the curtain of the carriage so as to show himself, and smoked his everlasting cigarette. His calmness and self-possession were much remarked.

The Empress Eugenie withdrew from Paris on Sunday and was at Braine-le-Comte, in Belgium, on Monday. Her Majesty is now the guest of the Hoogvort family, at their castle of Meyse, near Brussels.

The Prince Imperial was on Monday at Namur, which place he has left for England *vid Ostend*.

The Princess Clotilde and children have gone to Switzerland.

The Princess Mathilde was arrested on Sunday at Puy, near Dieppe.

THE EMPEROR BEFORE HIS FALL.—A letter in the *Bund of Bern* says:—"An eminent statesman advised the Emperor at Rheims to throw himself at the head of a cavalry regiment on the enemy's bayonets. The Emperor pulled his moustache phlegmatically, and replied, 'It would be very grand for—history. I am not, however, at such a depth as people in Paris suppose. On my return I shall demand a reckoning, not give one, and shall fix the responsibility.'"

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S MEANS.—It is now no secret in Amsterdam that His Imperial Majesty about a month back placed 400,000*l.* in Dutch railway bonds, upon the dividends of which, with other investments, he and his family may manage to get on very comfortably. The *dénouement* may possibly seem a little unromantic to the thousands who have spent their blood in the Imperial cause, cheered by the inspiring addresses of their leader and the conviction that they followed a man whose motto was "Mort ou victorieux."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE BATTLES BEFORE METZ.

The battle of Vionville—or Mars-la-Tour—though fought on the 16th of August—the most sanguinary of the war, and the most fatal to the Prussian aristocracy—has hardly as yet been adequately described. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 30th, gives the following very interesting details on the subject:—

"As will be remembered, the battle was fought be-

tween the van of Prince Frederick Charles and the greater part of the French army under General Bazaine. The Prince's van, having crossed the Moselle, was marching north, on the left bank of the river, to intercept the retreat of the French to Paris. In the immediate vicinity of Metz, behind whose ramparts the defeated enemy had been completing his preparations for a retreat, the Prussians fell in with a French army. Mistaking the troops before them for the rear of the hostile army, which they supposed to be in full march westward, they attacked at once. But the fight had not lasted long when they became aware of their error. They had to deal, not with a last lingering remnant of the French, but with the main body itself. Considerably delayed by all manner of doubts and difficulties, General Bazaine had not yet evacuated Metz, but was still encamped on the western flank of the fortress, preparatory to his march upon the capital. It was a disagreeable discovery to make for the Prussians. They were about 37,000 strong; the force which they had challenged counted between 80,000 and 90,000, and had about 30,000 more within the walls of the adjoining stronghold. With his guns and mitrailleuses posted on the hills commanding the plain on which the Prussians were, the enemy presented an aspect which might well have staggered the stoutest heart. But the Prussians knew their duty, and in their business-like, matter-of-course way determined to do it. Finding themselves pitted against such superior numbers, they easily discerned that if they had any prospect of escaping destruction it lay in boldly assuming the offensive. If they could but put themselves in possession of the rising ground on which the enemy had placed his camp, they might, perhaps, be able to hold out until the heads of their main body arrived. Accordingly they at once fell to, stormed the camp, took it, and with it captured 600 Zouaves and Turcos. Then establishing themselves in the enemy's quarters, and judiciously making use of every advantage offered by the configuration of the ground, they stood on the defensive against nearly three times their number. Thus they stood and battled for nearly eight hours. Six times they were charged by the Imperial Guard, six times they repulsed the attack, and, pursuing the enemy in their turn, drove him from position to position. One after the other the corps of Generals Frossard, Canrobert, Decaen, Ladmirault, and the Second Division of General Failly were forced to give way before the Prussian onslaught. But their triumph was dearly bought by the gallant band. Under the telling fire of the enemy they had suffered grievously from the first. Gradually their numbers were more and more reduced; at last they were so few, and these so tired, that the French could venture to attack their guns. Once more they warded off the charge, knowing they could not do so again. Yet they saw the enemy massing his columns in the distance, for a last, a decisive attempt. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and they had been under fire from eight in the morning. What was to be done? In this critical emergency, there seemed to be nothing left but to let loose the cavalry and send it right into the jaws of the hostile battalions. To be sure, to let cavalry charge against the Chassepot, and that at a distance permitting of several rounds being fired against them, would be to sacrifice vast numbers without, perhaps, producing anything like an adequate result. In point of fact, it would be doing a thing regarded as absurd, if not absolutely impossible, by modern military science. But necessity knows no law. The attack was ordered and executed. Two regiments of Dragoon Guards and one regiment of Cuirassiers, the whole forming a column of 1,900, rode against the enemy, a thundering block of steel. Decimated long before they could flash their swords, their shattered remnants sufficed to cut down or disperse whole battalions. Then, attacked in their turn by Chasseurs d'Afrique, and immediately rescued by their own swift Hussars, they again cut a path for themselves into the enemy's ranks, and actually succeeded in preventing his contemplated assault. Shortly after this repetition of the Balaklava exploit, Prince Frederick Charles appeared on the battle-field and assumed the command. Eager to share the dangers and, if possible the laurels of his troops, he had ridden the eighteen miles from Pont-à-Mousson in an hour. He was just giving orders to his brother-in-law, Duke Wilhelm of Mecklenburg, who had led the cavalry charge, when the long-expected succour at last made its appearance. It was the head of the Hanover Corps d'Armée, under General Von Voigt Rhetz, which, after a forced march on the plateau rising from the valley of the river, now fell upon the enemy's right flank. To assist their onward march the cavalry were sent round. But, although the Hanoverians advanced with a confident gallantry, worthy of the military renown of their race, and were commanded by a most able general, the battle remained stationary for two more hours. Not until after six o'clock, when some Rhenish regiments coming up, the Germans were no longer so very much outnumbered, did the scale of victory begin to incline in their favour. Eventually, a general charge forced the enemy to fall back, hotly pursued by the Hanoverian horse and artillery. As usual in a French retreat, confusion now ensued, and rapidly assumed a degree out of proportion to the defeat sustained. But for the vicinity of Metz and the protection it afforded to the discomfited troops, there might have been another disaster like that of Woerth. This was avoided by the nearness of the detached forts, but from a military point of view retreat to Metz, whence there is no escape, was perhaps even less eligible than flight to Paris, however precipitate and calamitous.

"The day of Mars-la-Tour has cost Germany almost twice as many men in killed and wounded as the day of Königgrätz. This is a fact which makes all the usual epithets, such as 'terrible,' 'awful,' &c., appear pitifully below the mark. Fortunately, 80 per cent. of the victims are slightly wounded, and will survive, although more or less incapacitated for work. The French losses are quite as large, and include even a greater number of dead. Putting the casualties on both sides together, the total we obtain is, I am afraid, rather in excess of 30,000. Some regiments have fared badly. The 12th Infantry lost 61 officers out of the 69 it had, and 1,500 rank and file of the 3,000 forming its full complement. The 47th, almost equally unfortunate, had 47 officers and 1,400 men removed from the ranks; the 64th, 41 officers and 1,000 men; the 72nd about 30 officers, 13 of whom are dead, and 1,000 men. Gloomiest of all seems to have been the doom of the 24th, which is said to have been deprived of 2,000 men and nearly all its officers. Of the Dragoon Guards we know for certain that one-half the rank and file are dead or wounded. Nearly all their officers are gone, or in a critical position. The announcements of officers' deaths in the papers fill whole columns. Fathers, brothers, and brides are leaving in shoals for the front to fetch the corpses of their beloved ones. Reading these terrible lists, one is sometimes led to think that a whole generation has passed away. Alas! At the name of Mars-la-Tour many a heart will ache for many a year to come!"

The following powerful description of the battle of Gravelotte (or Rezonville) is given by an officer of the battalion of the Rifles who fought with the Prussian Infantry Guards:—

Towards one o'clock we saw the battle before us. The artillery of the Guards and the Saxons were already engaged. To our right we had the 1st division of the Guards concealed by an undulation of the ground, to our left the Saxons were struggling manfully. We watched the grenades of our artillery as they burst with remarkable precision among the tirailleurs of the enemy. Queen Augusta's Regiment was the first ordered to support the Saxons; the turn of a battalion of the "Emperor Alexander" came next. The Saxons were evidently gaining round in their flank movement, and all went well. I must say we began to be disgusted with playing the part of spectators. At last we moved to support the Hessians on our right. We stopped again in a slight hollow, until at last there came the command, "Rifles to the front!" Now we are in for it in right earnest. It is a quarter to five, and as we begin to advance we get a taste of Chassepot balls. A man is shot through the arm. He is our first wounded.

"Second company to the right; first to the left!" As we are turning a copse we are suddenly in the thick of it. Into the copse then, and along its outskirts. The fire is heavy, but as yet the balls fall short of us. At first we are at a loss to make out whence they come. Can it be that we are fired at from the heights in front, at a distance of at least 1,800 paces? As we proceed our doubts are set at rest. We have the enemy really before us, and in a few minutes begin to suffer very perceptibly. Forward! forward! Spreading out in their lines, we are running on while our breath lasts. But we are exhausted even before we can see the enemy, so great is the distance, and so steadily ascending the long-stretching slope we have to go over. Stop! we are still at 1,000 paces from the French, and must take breath before we can proceed. Not a shot is fired. Now on again, a few hundred paces right into the potato-field. Stop again, fire a few shots, and now at them at a run.

At last we succeeded in getting near enough to see the heads of the French popping out of their ditches. As usual, they were in rifle-pits on the slope and top of the hill. By this time very many of us had fallen, and we halted, on wholly unprotected ground, to exchange some rounds with our friends opposite. Captain Baron Von Arnim was shot in the foot, but remained sitting in our midst to direct the movements of the company. He soon got another ball in his breast, when he had to give it up. Finding we could not do much execution, we betook ourselves to our feet again, and ran to within 500 paces of the enemy. Now, at last we had a fling at them. I measured the distance myself, took a dead man's rifle and popped away as fast and as well as I could. At this juncture Major Von Fabek was shot, Captain Von Hagen was shot, four men next to me were shot. We were in skirmishing order, and beginning to melt away like wax. In front stood the French, concealed in excavations up to their very eyes; behind us, for a distance of 800 paces, the ground was strewn with dead and wounded. If we had been strong enough, we should have tried to cross bayonets, but our numbers had already been so very much reduced that we could not think of making the attempt. Indeed, had the French assumed the offensive they must have taken or killed every man of us. But according to their practice they kept in their ditches, and were quite satisfied with slaughtering us at a distance. The thing became perfectly unendurable, and there arose a low murmur in our lines that we had better fly at them at any expense and knock down as many as we could while there were any of us left to do it. At this moment Captain Von Berger, the adjutant of our Brigadier, came up at a gallop, shouting from a distance, and ordering us to remain where we were if we would escape being taken prisoners. So we just stood our ground until troops were perceived coming to our support in the distance, when we all advanced again, and at 800 paces once more opened a murderous fire. All through my men were very calm and self-possessed. Under the circumstances of the case, they could not but know that the greater part, and perhaps all, of them had got to die. Yet they were as tranquil as the few of their officers still remaining, and looked with perfect equanimity upon the French relieving again and again their tirailleurs in the ditches. We were now near enough to see that they had four rows of rifle-pits, the one over the other. The fire was terrific, and Sadowna in comparison to it mere child's play. By-and-bye our cartridges got exhausted, and we had to empty the pouches of the dead and wounded. As many of the latter as had a spark of life left did all they

could to assist us in this. But everything has an end, and so had our ammunition. I had given orders that every man was to reserve two cartridges in case the French took the offensive, and with these two cartridges in our possession we confronted the enemy even after we had ceased to fire. After a little while, which seemed to us terribly long, our supports came up. They were skirmishers of Queen Elizabeth's Regiment, and the moment they joined us I heard their captain give the command in my rear, "Charge with the bayonet!" I was lying on the ground with a shot in my left arm and shoulder-blade; but as I heard those glorious sounds, I jumped up, and hallooing to my men, fiercely repeated the word of command, "Charge with the bayonet!" But alas! there were only three men left to respond to my call. With the exception of a few who had joined another company the whole of my men were down. I do not know whether the three survivors took part in the attack. As for myself, I could not do it, and sat down on the ground. The moment the Elizabeth Regiment charged the French jumped out of their ditches and ran away. An enormous quick fire was opened upon them, and, as I can assure you, to some purpose.

The French were driven from their whole position. The villages around were on fire, and the shooting continued here and there. We had been opposed to the Guards, who were the last to retreat. As I was with difficulty picking my way to look for the ambulance, I had the bitter sorrow of walking through fields strewn with men of my company. Many of them were still alive, and asking me to assist them to rise and get up; but in the state in which I was I could only promise to send them help as soon as possible. All the officers of the battalions are either dead or wounded. Of the 1,000 men with whom we went into the battle only 400 are left.

The battalion which met with this melancholy fate was one of the finest in the Prussian army. The men were crack shots, and the officers belonged to the cream of Berlin society.

SCENES AROUND METZ.

To-day I witnessed a horrible sight. It appears that some men of the 60th Regiment had gone into the wood close by for the purpose of collecting fuel one of them heard a groan, and upon searching he discovered a soldier of the 3rd Voltigeurs who had been wounded in the action of the 18th. His foot had been nearly carried away by a bit of shell, and, to protect himself and lay *perdu*, he had managed to crawl into the wood. He had eaten all the food he had in his pocket, as well as bits of leather straps, all the time suffering the most intense agony from his wound, and had positively existed in this state for seven days. When I saw him he was a perfect skeleton, although, to all appearance, suffering no pain whatsoever.—*Letter in Daily Telegraph.*

While we were still looking on the battlefield around Metz, and eating a piece of dried beef for dinner (writes the correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*), two respectable-looking but poorly-clad women begged us for a piece, and told us, on our inquiring, that they were the wife and daughter of a very large farmer, whose farm she pointed out. I should have taken it for an ancient ruin, such as you see on the crags that border the Rhine, but on closer inspection the remains of agricultural implements could be discovered: amongst others, a new steam plough of Messrs. Ransom, of Ipswich, was neatly battered into a sort of irregular octagon, and had received the addition of a few ventilation holes, which those gentlemen would do well to adopt in their next design. The master of the establishment had been walked off by the French for his accurate knowledge of the neighbourhood and his superior intelligence, and the poor women had been left behind in the village, refusing to fly with the rest of the inhabitants to a place of safety and starvation. Miraculously enough, the house in which they had taken refuge had not received more than half-a-dozen roof shots. They themselves were unhurt, while the battle raged around them, and I never halved my best meal with so much satisfaction as with the demoiselle, whose large and beautiful eyes were the sweetest things by far for ten miles round. We advised them to go to Pont-à-Mousson, and gave them a small note to a friend at head-quarters, who, I think, might do something for them. I hope they have acted upon our advice.

The correspondent of the *Telegraph* writes:—This morning I waded across the half-dry plain, where the horses killed by the French in the Prussian cavalry charge lay still unburied, to the ruins of Malmaison. In one wing of the house the headquarters of the division have taken up their uncomfortable quarters, whilst at the other end, in the stable, where half the roof still affords some shelter, and the shell-holes in the walls have been stopped with dead men's coats, lay some ten or a dozen Frenchmen too seriously wounded for transport. Amongst these unfortunates I found an officer of the 26th Regiment of the line. He had been shot through the knee, and, whilst lying on the ground between the two fires, he had received another bullet through the arm. So severe had the wound been in the knee that the doctors found it necessary to remove a portion of the knee-cap, and when I went to see him the poor fellow was suffering most exquisite agony. His sufferings, I am sorry to say, have not been lessened in consequence of some unfortunate circumstances which have very naturally incensed the Prussians. A Saxon officer, very severely wounded, sought shelter, it seems, in the house of a peasant in the neighbourhood of St. Marcel. The unfortunate man, exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, threw himself upon a bed and fainted. Whilst in this state of helplessness the woman to whom the house belonged deliberately gouged his eyes out with a fork, and then left him to die a horrible death. He lingered long enough to tell his fearful story to a Prussian ambulance train.

The following extract is from a letter received from one of the National Society's officers now ministering to the wounded in the battles near Metz:—"At St. Marie-aux-Chenes.—Almost every house in this village is a hospital, and walls, doors, and windows are pierced with shot. The mayor's house, a large and imposing-looking building, has perhaps suffered the most; the upper story is almost open to the sky. Prussians and French lie there side by side, and almost at the moment I was offering a cigar at one bedside the soul of its occupant departed. In the gardens stiff and ghastly bodies lie waiting for sepulture, and their nationality could only be guessed by the greatcoat thrown over them. After about an hour-and-a-half we moved on to St. Privat, the spot where the most violent struggle occurred. The church and houses are nearly all destroyed. My experience of war is small compared to yours, but picture to yourself a vast plain, terminating towards the horizon in verdant woods and luxuriant and undulating pasture. In the midst a heap of blackened ruins, a farm hut, the insignificance of which has saved it from total destruction. Gardens trodden down, trees torn with shot, all around bursting graves, rudely-constructed crosses, remains of bivouacs, dead horses, broken tumbrils, arms, shakoes, uniforms, ammunition barrels, in front of crumbling walls, which a few days since enclosed contented homes, sitting on bare stones in the mute agony of deep despair, poor women, to whom nothing is left but the memory of a past. May God save England from such a scene as this! Here, in company with Mr. Herbert, I visited all the wounded, and to every one I gave a cigar and a lump of chocolate. This last was greatly appreciated, and the gratitude of the recipients afforded me some of the happiest moments I have ever experienced. In one place were lying crowded together a number of men, not one of whom but had lost an arm or a leg, in many cases both. I must protest to you, and I shall not cease to do it as long as I remain near the seat of war, that the statement which is every day made to the effect that personal assistance is not required, is false, and I will treat in the same manner the statement that the French wounded are treated with the same consideration as the Prussians. I admit that material is wanted, but that is the fault of that centralising system which is in daily opposition to the intentions of the national committee. To-day I did not see a wounded Prussian without a mattress and a blanket; and I went into the so-called French hospital at St. Privat, and I found every man there lying on straw, with nothing to cover him but his own greatcoat. About twenty or thirty French surgeons are there against their will, and this for the poor sufferers is the only redeeming point."

REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

Up to Saturday Paris was quietly preparing for defence against the invader, and on the preceding day had been buoyed up by reports of alleged victories by MacMahon, varied by statements that the King of Prussia was dead, and that Count Bismarck had returned in haste to Berlin! But on Saturday disquieting rumours began to prevail, which increased as the day waned. In the evening deputations from assemblages of about 8,000 persons in one case, and of about 10,000 in the other, waited on General Trochu, and asked him to assume the Government of the country. The General said he was not in a position to reply to this proposition, but would do his duty by defending Paris to the last. Shouts were raised of "Abdication," "Abdication," "Trochu for ever!"

The Legislative Body met about midnight, and the Palais Bourbon was guarded by a great body of troops. At one in the morning General Palikao announced to the House that part of MacMahon's army had been driven back into Sedan, that the remainder had capitulated, and that the Emperor had been made prisoner. He added that the Ministers had not been able to concert together, and asked the members to postpone all debate until the next day. M. Jules Favre thereupon declared that the Emperor and his dynasty had forfeited the rights conferred on them by the Constitution, and proposed that a Parliamentary committee should be entrusted with the governing power. The motion was received in silence, and the House adjourned.

Meanwhile the Government issued a proclamation announcing the disasters, adding that their courage was not daunted by this reverse, that within a few days a new army would be under the walls of Paris, and that another was forming on the banks of the Loire.

At noon on Sunday the House again met. M. Thiers brought in a motion signed by forty-five members of the Left and Right Centres, proposing that a Commission of Government and National Defence should be appointed, and a Constituent Chamber should be convoked as soon as circumstances permitted. General Palikao supported the proposal that the country should be consulted as soon as it had issued from the present embarrassments. He had previously proposed that a Council of Government and Defence, consisting of five members elected by the Legislative Chamber, should be appointed. This motion and the one of M. Thiers were referred to the committees.

On the resumption of the sitting the galleries and subsequently the floor of the House were invaded by the people, demanding the deposition of the Emperor and the proclaiming of a Republic. Most of the deputies left the Chamber. M. Gambetta and others then asked the people to respect the liberty of the legislative deliberations. They were listened to in

silence, but their efforts were useless. Indescribable excitement reigned outside. Enthusiastic cheers were raised of "Long live the Republic"; and the people, National Guard, and soldiers fraternised. M. Gambetta and other deputies of the Left proclaimed the deposition of the dynasty.

The remarkable scene out of doors while this was going on is described by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Sunday evening. He says:—

This is the greatest day I ever saw in my life. I have witnessed a peaceful revolution in Paris, with as great results as the bloodiest that this city of revolutions was ever the theatre of. I am about to describe in a few words for this post strictly what I saw, and I had the luck to see a great deal. Knowing that the Corps Législatif was to hold an extraordinary sitting at one o'clock, I got into a carriage at two, and told the driver to go to the Champs Elysées, hang about the Place de la Concorde, and get over one of the bridges to the Faubourg St. Germain. He objected that there were great crowds in the route I had carved out for him, and doubted whether he would get along. "Try," said I, and so he did, and we succeeded. On the Place de la Concorde there were many groups of people and several companies of National Guards, but still carriages could circulate. I observed that the National Guard carried laurels on their bayonets, and that numbers of citizens had sprigs of green (meant to represent laurels) in their hats. The laurels could not mean victory over the foreign enemy; but they were worn as emblems of victory over the internal enemy—the Emperor. My attention was attracted to one of the colossal allegorical statues at the north-east corner of the place, representing the City of Strasbourg. This statue was decked out with flowers, and an enormous placard was hung round the neck bearing the words, "Honour and glory to General Urich." A succession of democratic orators mounted the parapet at the foot of the statue and harangued a vast crowd with great success. I could not get near enough to hear their eloquence, but it was about the Republic and the certain victory which the Republic could bring. I then turned my carriage and went towards the Place de la Concorde. The approaches were occupied by troops, and it was impossible to cross. I observed the steps of the Corps Législatif on the other side of the river covered with people, and saw that the quays right and left were closely studded with infantry, cavalry, National Guards, and people, all mixed up together. At this moment the weather was beautiful—it was one of the most glorious early September days ever seen. I drove slowly along the quay parallel with the orangery of the Tuileries towards the Palace. The Tuileries gardens were full of people. I learned that in the morning orders had been given to close the gates, but that, half-an-hour before I passed, the people had forced them open, and that neither the troops nor the police made any resistance. My coachman, who, I dare say, was an Imperialist yesterday, but was a very strong Republican to-day, pointed out to me several groups of people bearing red flags. I told him that the tricolour betokening the presence of the Emperor still floated from the central tower of the Tuileries. While I was speaking, and exactly at twenty minutes past three, I saw that flag taken down. That is an event in a man's life not to be forgotten. Crossing over the Pont de Solferino to the Quai d'Orsay I witnessed an extraordinary sight indeed. From the windows of those great barracks, formerly peopled with troops, every man of whom was supposed to be ready to die for his Emperor, I saw soldiers smiling, waving handkerchiefs, and responding to the cries of "Vive la République" raised by gendarmes, cavalry, soldiers of the line, national guards, and people below. Well-dressed ladies in open carriages shook hands with private soldiers and men in blouses, all crying, "Vive la République." Nay, strangers fell on each other's neck and kissed each other with "fusion." In the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf I saw people on the tops of ladders busily pulling down the Emperor's bust, which the late loyalty of the people induced them to stick about in all possible and impossible places. I saw the busts carried in mock procession to the parapet of the Pont Neuf and thrown into the Seine, clapping of hands and hearty laughter greeting the splash which the graven image of the mighty monarch made in the water. I went as far as the Hotel de Ville, and found it in possession of His Majesty the Sovereign People. Blouses were in every one of M. Haussmann's balconies. How they got there I do not know. I presume that M. Chevreau did not invite them. But they got in somehow without violence. The great square in front of the Hotel de Ville was full of the National Guards, most of them without uniform. They carried the butts of their muskets in the air, in token that they were fraternising with the people. The most perfect good humour prevailed. Portraits of the Emperor and Empress, which many of your readers must have seen in the Hotel de Ville ballrooms, were thrown out of the window, and the people trod and danced upon the canvas. At the Hotel placards announced that Count de Keratry was Prefect of Police, and M. E. Arago, Mayor of Paris. On leaving the Hotel de Ville I saw in the Avenue Victoria M. Henri Rochefort, let out of prison as a logical consequence of events but half-an-hour before. He was on a triumphal car, and wore a scarlet scarf. He was escorted by an immense mob crying, "Vive Rochefort!" He looked in far better health than I expected to see him in after his long imprisonment, and his countenance beamed with delight. He has seen his desire on his enemy.

The new Ministry is thus constituted:—General Trochu, President of the Government, with full military powers for the National defence.
M. Jules Favre.... Minister of Foreign Affairs.
M. Gambetta.... " Interior.
General Leflo.... " War.
M. Fourichon.... " Marine.
M. Cromieux.... " Justice.
M. Picard..... " Finance.
M. Jules Simon.. " Public Instruction and Religion.
M. Magnin..... " Agriculture.
M. Dorian..... " Public Works.

A decree of the Ministry dissolves the Corps Législatif and abolishes the Senate and the Presidency of the Council of State. The manufacture

and sale of arms is declared absolutely free. M. Etienne Arago is nominated Mayor of Paris, with MM. Floquet and Brisson as his adjuncts. M. Keratry is appointed Prefect of Police; M. Steinmackers, Director of Telegraphs. A complete amnesty is proclaimed for all political crimes and offences. The Government for the national defence is composed of all the Deputies for Paris, including M. Rochefort; General Trochu being President, M. Favre, Vice-President, and M. Ferry, Secretary. Perfect order has not ceased to reign. Seals have been placed on the doors of the Législatif Chamber. The Republic has been proclaimed at Lyons, Bordeaux, and other great towns. A proclamation of M. Keratry says:—"The Revolution has the same object as that of 1792, the expulsion of the foreigner."

The *Journal of the French Republic* publishes the following proclamation:—

Frenchmen! The people have disavowed a Chamber which hesitated to save the country when in danger. It has demanded a Republic. The friends of its representatives are not in power, but in peril.

The Republic vanquished the invasion of '92. The Republic is proclaimed.

The revolution is accomplished in the name of right and public safety.

Citizens! Watch over the city confided to you. Tomorrow you will be with the army, avengers of the country.

A telegram from Paris dated yesterday says:—"Perfect order prevails in Paris. The streets are very crowded, and present an animated appearance. Accounts from Havre, Marseilles, Nantes, Périgueux, and Montpellier, state that the Republic had been enthusiastically proclaimed in all those towns. Great excitement prevailed in Marseilles, but no disorders had taken place."

The *Official Journal* publishes a proclamation of the Provisional Government to the army, which says that "in abolishing the dynasty which was responsible for our misfortunes, France accomplished an act of justice, and at the same time performed an act of safety to her own preservation. The nation has only to depend upon herself, and only to reckon upon two things, the revolution, which is invincible, and your heroism, which has no equal. We are not the Government of a party, but a Government of national defence, and have but one object and one will—the safety of the country, by means of the army and the nation."

Decrees abolishing the stamp on newspapers and other publications, and relieving all public functionaries of their oaths to the late Government, have been published.

An official decree, signed by M. Gambetta, appoints M. Valentin Prefect of Strasbourg, and appeals to his energy and patriotism to occupy his post at once. Another decree of M. Gambetta appoints M. Engelhard Mayor of Strasbourg, appealing likewise to his patriotism to penetrate directly to the town, as the bearer of the heartfelt thanks of France, Paris, and the Republican Government to its citizens and garrison.

It is stated that M. Gambetta said to his friends in the Hotel de Ville on Monday, that the present Government was only provisional and transitory, and had but one object, which was to defend the country against foreign invasion. The members of the Government take a solemn engagement to withdraw when that work is accomplished.

THE PARIS PAPERS AND THE REPUBLIC.

The *Pays*, the *Public*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Peuple Français*, *La France*, and the *France*, all promise to support the new Government in the interest of the national defence, putting aside at the present moment all other considerations.

The *Débats* says that whatever may be the opinion entertained respecting the expediency or morality of the present revolution, it cannot think of opposing the new Government, and earnestly wishes it success in the responsible undertaking of the national defence. It is indispensable, however, that the country should be called upon to pronounce its judgment. Only a freely elected assembly can declare what institutions are most suitable to France. The country no more desires the personal government of eleven men than of one man.

The *Siècle* says that Prussia is mistaken if she believes that the war is now terminated, or if she thinks that the nation will follow the abject and cowardly example of him whom the misguided country accepted as chief. "Let us prove to Prussia that the war is far from finished, and only now commencing." The *Siècle* cites the example of Spain in 1808, and questions the power of Prussia to continue her present gigantic efforts. Time will be the best auxiliary of France.

The *Temps* considers the duty of the Government is to announce that it will entirely abandon the policy of the late régime and declare that, although France is prepared to make great sacrifices rather than submit to be humiliated or reduced, yet the principles of republican government always inculcate respect for the rights of peoples, fraternity, and peace.

The *Soir* disclaims all responsibility on the part of the French nation for the crimes of the Imperial policy, and appeals to the fraternal spirit of the German Liberal party. France, it says, will treat with that party independent of King William, and will aid Germany to rid herself of King William, Bismarck, and the federal gentry, who are as much the enemies of Germany as of France.

It is stated that M. Thiers has declined to become a member of the Provisional Government.

The Paris papers publish a manifesto of the International Working Men's Association to the Socialist Democracy of Germany. It says:—

Thy Government has declared that it will wage war

against the Emperor, not against us. Republican France invites thee in the name of justice to withdraw thy armies. If not, we must fight to the last man and shed in torrents thy blood and ours. We tell thee again what we declared to the coalition of Europe in 1793, that the French people concludes no peace whatever with an enemy occupying its territory. The French people, the friend and ally of all free peoples, does not interfere with the Government of other nations. As soon as the Rhine has been recrossed, we shall stretch out our hands, shall forget the mutual crimes which despots made us commit. Let us proclaim the liberty, equality, and fraternity of the peoples, and let us form United States of Europe. Long live the universal Republic!

SCENES IN PARIS.

In addition to the narrative given above, we subjoin some extracts from the Paris correspondence which throw light upon the exciting events of the last few days:—

PARISIAN ENTHUSIASM.—A correspondent, picturing the state of Paris on Sunday night, says:—"Everywhere they shouted 'Vive la République' sang enthusiastically, in irresistible chorus, the 'Marseillaise' or the 'Chant du Départ.' One workman got on a lamppost and led the song with a passionate freedom characteristic of the Frenchman. Again and again the song was sung, and yet again and again, and here and there and everywhere—now in snatches, now in regular sequence of the verses, the gestures being always alike—the arms thrown up into the air with a unanimity which was only to be rivalled by the unanimity of accentuation in singing. Then came the National Guard in great numbers across the Place to the Bridge. Whenever a battalion or a company of the Guard appeared they were surrounded by the crowds who followed them shouting 'Vive la République,' and chanting the 'Marseillaise,' as if to make the National Guard thoroughly understand that they must join the people, and that the people were for a republic. The fury and energy with which they ran after every company of soldiers, and shouted to them, and sang to them, were very wonderful; all the more so as there was no disorder, no maltreatment of anyone. I sometimes could scarcely believe my eyes—seeing the fury with which these people sang the 'Marseillaise,' the fierceness of their gesticulations, and the fire in their eyes; and then the sudden calm which would come upon them—ready for a joke or a smoke. The alternations are extraordinary. Here is a perfect madman before me—yelling for the Republic. I wonder if he will turn round and attack me for not being so excited as himself. Suddenly he turns round, he is quiet as a monument, and, instead of attacking me for my coolness, he says, 'Permettez-moi, Monsieur,' begging for my cigar to light his cigarette. So it was wherever I went—fury of shouting and constant collapse into good behaviour. When I saw this—saw it everywhere—I could not help concluding, 'This is a most excitable, and yet do-nothing crowd. Who could have expected such excitability to be combined with such futility?' Scarcely had I settled this in my mind when, as if it were a speedy judgment on me, I found myself right in the midst of a crowd flinging their fists into the air all round me and crying, 'Aux armes!' I cannot make out by what mischance I got into that position. I did what was rather mean. I flung out my arms with the rest; I banded out 'Aux armes!' (it was a harmless thing to do so, as no arms were to be had) and I slipped out of the crowd."

AN OMEN.—A Paris correspondent of the *Times* thus describes an incident which he witnessed in the streets of Paris:—"Imagine a throng of people on the Boulevard, standing motionless, heads thrown back, gazing intently on a black floating cloud high in the air. It was a curious looking cloud, I admit; but I cannot fancy a mass of English people standing to gaze at it and to divine its meaning. Here the dark vapoury mist was treated with more respect. The crowd muttered; there was much chattering, low and rapid, which at last ended in a prolonged shout of 'Victory!' I began to inquire what was the cause of the excitement, and you will not wonder that it needed some explanation before a 'phlegmatic Englishman' could seize the full significance of the event. It seems that when first noticed the cloud had the shape of the letter Z. This was considered strange, but the wonder increased, for the Z became gradually converted into a horse, then into the head of a horned animal, and finally the right horn assumed the form of a V. What could be more conclusive? How could Paris be anxious after such a demonstration from on high? A long cry of 'Victory!' hailed the concluding effort of the performing cloud, while the bystanders reverently suggested their interpretations of its evolutions. The Z meant the end. The end was near at hand. Oh! if they only knew that on this Friday night the end had actually come, and that the Emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy! While the last letter of the alphabet meant the end, its transformation into a horse, the emblem of speed, showed that it would come swiftly. But the horse, also, for some reason or other, signified victory, and it was argued that the war would end soon and victoriously. Let this, however, should not be distinct enough, the cloud proceeded to a second series of demonstrations. The horned animal meant the strength and power which France still possessed, and from which the V, or 'victory,' would be derived. All this seemed so clear to the ingenious interpreters that, I doubt not, they all went home with light hearts, and without any fear of the Prussians or any one else."

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.—I described in my letter of yesterday the gullant manner in which the National Guard carried the Pont de la Concorde and surrounded the Chamber in its civic folds. When the battalions which accomplished this bloodless feat reached the Corps Législatif some oppo-

sition was attempted, but the column was not to be denied, and it forced open the gates. Gambetta stood forth and harangued the people, who were informed that the Chamber was deliberating on the *déchéance*. Great enthusiasm, cries of "Vive la France!" and national songs. The people are exhorted by M. Picard, now Minister of Finance, to be calm. Inside the Chamber there is an attempt to get through business amid cries of "Down with Bonaparte," &c., &c. Gambetta ascends the tribune and addresses the galleries; groups of citizens and National Guards invade the floor of the Chamber, and cannot be persuaded to retire by the members of the Left. Three times Gambetta harangues the people, and silence is at length obtained. President Schneider takes the chair for the last time, and addresses a few words to the Corps Législatif, represented by the Left and a few members of the Right who have slipped timidly into their seats. The Count of Palikao made a short appearance, but M. Brame was the only Minister who faced the storm. M. Schneider behaved with great courage at this trying moment; he protested against a new rush of citizens into the body of the Chamber, and declared that the House could not deliberate under intimidation. There were fierce cries for the Republic, and again the Chamber was invaded, the benches taken by storm, and the President driven from his chair. It was in the midst of this scene of utter confusion that the new Republic was born. M. Jules Favre managed to gain possession of the tribune, and proclaimed the downfall of the Bonaparte family. M. Gambetta confirmed his words, and, in fact, the *déchéance* had been voted in committee by an immense majority—195 deputies for, only 18 against it. The official candidate, when weighed in the balance, was found sadly wanting. Thus was Napoleon deserted. I regret to add that, as M. Schneider was leaving the House, there was a cry of "To Vincennes, assassin of Creuzot," and it was with difficulty that the President escaped from the clutches of some citizens, one of whom knocked his hat over his eyes with a blow of his muckel.

THE LAST OF THE IMPERIAL SENATE.—None clamoured so loudly for war as the Senate which on Sunday held its last sitting, and adjourned, as the President playfully remarked, until circumstances should again call the elected of the Emperor together. M. Rouher took the chair at noon, and warmly protested against the proposition of M. Jules Favre. There was some applause for decency's sake, and one or two senators actually cried, "Vive l'Empereur!" Let it go to the credit of M. Baroche, a man who has battered on personal power, that he, too, said a few words in defence of "the victim." Prince Poniatowski, with the devotion of his father who perished in the Elster, also raised his voice in favour of the Empire; but to-day the abolition of the Senate has been pronounced, and "*Fermée pour cause de débâcle*" chalked up on the door of the Palais Luxembourg.

AN ELEMENT OF DANGER IN PARIS.—The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Friday evening, says—"Vespers on the Boulevards would be more enjoyable if the blouses were not so frequent. I have got to hate the colour, having had no less than three gentlemen in the costume at intervals following me last night. It is unpleasant to be dodged, but, then, to be shouldered, and to have a pair of dirty fingers snapped in your face as an episode in the pursuit, is rather trying to a temper even the most equable. The blouse, or I am much mistaken, will give trouble to the civic authorities in a day or two. Residents are astonished at the rapid increase in the quantity appearing in the fashionable quarters. It is as though Tiger Bay and St. Giles had suddenly taken it into their heads to promenade in Piccadilly, and to seat themselves upon the free seats of Tottenham. I do not refer to the workman, who may be known by his cleanly appearance, and by his having his wife or a couple of his children with him, but a slouching, undersized, stubby-chinned ruffian, with dull blood-veined eyes and broken boots, who is to be seen now a good deal too often on the pathways."

THE PRUSSIAN SPY MANIA.—The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"I may mention a prosaic and uncomfortable incident which happened to me this afternoon near the Palais Royal. I was asked for alms by a dirty mannikin match-seller, and the wretch immediately retorted my refusal by a sharp bark rather than a word, which brought a dozen persons about us at once. There was fortunately a gentleman in the crowd who saw the state of things immediately, and who in a few sentences directed the indignation of the bystanders to the cause of the mischief, who in the meantime vanished as if he had disappeared down a trap." Another correspondent says the most innocent act may be construed into a proof of Prussian sympathies. I know a lady who has rendered herself an object of suspicion to a whole village by sending to the post-office for her letters instead of waiting patiently for them to be delivered two hours later by the rural postman. She has been warned that her wicked ways are watched. "Why should she send a messenger to the post if she were not afraid of having her letters seen by the regular postman? Who can know where they come from? Perhaps from Prussia. And why does she write so often herself? Nobody else in the village writes half as much?" (which is certainly true). Nonsense such as this may, under fostering circumstances, ripen rapidly into violence. We have seen it produce murder in the Dordogne.

THE INFLUX OF FUGITIVES FROM THE PROVINCES is prodigious; they are to be seen upon every road, seeking safety in the great city which hundreds of thousands have thought it safest to desert. It is curious to study the caravans that toil through the

gates and along the Seine's banks. Through the gates of Chichy alone, in one day, it is stated that there passed 800 of those large vehicles here commonly used for the transport of furniture. Coming down yesterday afternoon from the Champ de Mars, one overtook countless vehicles. There were private carriages, numbered cabs, country *voitures*, wagons, and carts of every description, all crammed with property and crowded with people. The amount of bedding was very large, mattresses and pillows and bolsters, with legs of tables and of children's cradles sticking out from among them, and chairs, and saucepans, and birdcages surmounting the heap. Children were stuck in here and there among the furniture, happily unconscious of the miseries of the time and of the desecration probably awaiting the household gods they had to abandon. There is always a tinge of melancholy in a "fitting," however favourable its circumstances, but this wholesale break up of thousands of homes is sad and heartbreaking indeed. What mournful faces, what care-laden brows! Everything gone; the trim garden, the smiling paddock where the cow and pony grazed, the orchard where the children played, all given up to the foreign spoiler. What an amount of misery, and to what end? Where are those to whom all this is due, and when shall they receive their reward? One is struck by the preponderance of women in this melancholy pilgrimage. Many of them are in mourning, perhaps for their best and bravest already fallen in the fight; although at this time, as was lately suggested, black is the fittest wear for every French woman.—*Letter from Paris*

THE GERMAN EXODUS FROM PARIS.—All Germans are leaving Paris in shoals. The American Embassy, charged to send them free of cost to the Prussian frontier, is besieged from seven a.m. to four p.m. A train takes them away from Paris every evening at 10.30 from the Northern terminus. Here each night is renewed one of the most grotesque and yet also most painful scenes imaginable. Here are two women quarrelling in a most hideous German *patois* about an old bedstead really not worth disputing about, yet which each one claims to be her own. There are mothers tending little children either sick or just recovering from various diseases. Then, here again, are numbers of people of German parentage, but born in France, which they have begun to consider as their own country, totally at a loss where to turn to on their arrival in Germany, and perhaps not even speaking the German language. Everybody is screaming, yelling, and swearing. Regular battles are being fought as to who shall have the privilege of having his luggage registered first. Add to this innumerable drunkards, the consequences of the many libations to a happy and speedy return, and a perfect army of tired and screaming children, and you will have but a very imperfect idea of the scene the Northern terminus presents now every evening. And it may become worse if the edict issued by the Préfet de la Seine, counselling all strangers who could not *faire face à l'ennemi* to leave the town, should be considered good advice by all foreigners. This is the rush of outward movement; then comes the reverse. A real panic seems to have seized the peasants and inhabitants of the environs of Paris. They are all moving into the capital with everything moveable they possess. To transport this they use all and any manner of conveyance, indescribable carts and skeleton horses ready to drop under their load. All routes leading to Paris are crowded. They even use hearses for the transport of their furniture. On Sunday last the price of one of these conveyances was 500fr. (20l.) *à la course*. At all gates men, beasts, and traps throng in crowds. The peasants are most desperate, crying, "Who will till the fields and prepare the soil for next year's harvest?" The once beautiful Bois de Boulogne is turned into a great farm, dirty and uncared for; 20,000 oxen and 300,000 sheep are grazing there. The green grass has disappeared, the shrubs are stripped of their foliage, the borders of the lakes are trampled into quagmires of filth—in fact, the Bois de Boulogne has ceased to exist; it is closed as a public promenade. Paris, the once gay, frivolous, vain, wears a very different aspect to-day; she is sad, sorrowful, desponding.—*Letter from Paris*.

THE EMPEROR'S PORTRAIT.—A fine portrait of the Emperor in one of the rooms of the Hotel de Ville was on the point of being destroyed, when M. Gambetta caused it to be turned against the wall and prevented violence, exclaiming, "It is useless." Unfortunately such was not the case with the portrait painted by Horace Vernet, which surmounted one of the chimneys in the Salle du Trône. This painting was torn to pieces; and a panel in the hall of the Municipal Council, representing the Emperor handing to Baron Haussmann the decree for annexing the suburbs of Paris, was also much lacerated. Such, apart from a few benches and busts broken, was all the damage done at the Hotel de Ville. The library of the Municipal Council, as well as the other adjoining compartments, were respected, owing to the efforts of M. Dardenne, the librarian, and a few National Guards.

A GREAT DANGER ESCAPED.—The correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Monday night, says:—"It seems that we were yesterday within an ace of civil war, and only escaped by a miracle. Count de Palikao, Louis Bonaparte's agent, had calculated upon being made Lieutenant-General of a Council of Defence elected by the valets who constituted the majority of the Corps Législatif, and he would have used the dictatorial power he expected to get either for his damaged master's benefit or his own, according to circumstances. Fully expecting this scheme to be carried out, he had massed about the Corps

Législatif a great body of regular troops, with orders to keep the National Guard and the people at a distance. At an early period of the sitting of yesterday M. de Kératry complained that these troops had usurped the functions of the National Guard, and that General Trochu had not sanctioned their presence. Palikao, who still fancied himself cock of the walk, was quite facetious on the subject, and made a coarse military joke about *la maride* being *trop belle*, meaning to be understood that the Corps Législatif could not be too much guarded. Little did he dream of the serious import of M. de Kératry's question. Later in the afternoon, when the National Guard and the people insisted upon crossing the Pont de la Concorde to the Chamber, Palikao gave orders to the officer commanding the troops to do his duty, meaning that he was to fire upon the people. But at this moment M. Kempfen, a barrister, who writes in the *Temps* under the signature of 'Feyraet,' advanced several steps in front of the battalion of National Guards with which he was serving, and said to an officer of gendarmes:—"We have Chassepots, and if you oppose our passage of the bridge, we will use them." Another young barrister, M. Duret, stepped out of the ranks and supported M. Kempfen. Most fortunately the gendarmes yielded, opened a passage for the National Guard, and a few minutes later joined them in crying '*Vive la République*!' Another great risk of collision occurred in the Tuileries gardens. When the people pulled off and broke the Imperial eagles on the gates leading to the Place de la Concorde, and broke into the gardens, the barrier guard very prudently retired to their guard-house. The crowd rushed on towards the Palace, but I saw in the reserved garden a strong body of Guards. A National Guard, named Ravinez, accompanied by two other persons, then went forward with a white handkerchief on his bayonet as a flag of truce. He saw General Mellinet, who was in command, and begged him to take his troops away. The general said he had a soldier's duty to perform, but in a wise spirit of compromise agreed to take his men away if the National Guard would take their place and protect the Palace. This was done at once, and it was at this moment that I saw the flag taken down from the Tuileries, as I described yesterday."

THE NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

M. Jules Favre (Foreign Affairs) is one of the most distinguished members of the new Ministry. He was born in 1809; took part, being then a law student, in the Revolution of 1830; was Secretary-General at the Ministry of the Interior at the Revolution of February, 1848; soon after entered the Chamber, and was for a short time Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The *coup d'État* drove him for a time from public life, to which he did not return till 1858, when he again appeared in the Chamber, and has since been the recognised leader of the Democratic party. M. Picard (Finance) is the well-known advocate and deputy. He was born in 1821, and is a decided Democrat. M. Jules Simon (Public Instruction) born in 1814, is a moderate Republican, whose reputation is perhaps more literary than political. He devotes himself to education and social questions. M. Leon Gambetta (Minister of the Interior) is already well known as a rising advocate and politician. He belongs to a Genoese family, and is thirty-two years of age. It was as counsel for some of the accused in the prosecutions consequent on the Baudin subscription in 1868 that he first distinguished himself in public. He is a man of considerable ability and eloquence, and a Republican of the most advanced kind. M. Crémieux (Justice), born in 1796, was Minister of Justice in 1848, and a staunch member of the Democratic Left, though for a moment he seemed to be disposed to trust Louis Napoleon. General Le Flo (War Minister) was born in 1804, served in Algeria, and owed his generalship to the Government of 1848, when he had a seat in Parliament. M. Lavertujon (Secretary-General), born in 1827, is a Democratic journalist. M. Fourichon (Marine), captain in the French Navy, was born in 1809, and has been since 1864 President of the Council of Naval Works. M. Dorian (Public Works), a deputy and rich ironmaster; born in 1814. M. Magnin (Agriculture), born in 1824, also an ironmaster and landed proprietor.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

RESUMPTION OF THE ADVANCE ON PARIS.

The special correspondent of the *Times* sent the following telegram from Brussels, dated Monday:—"The Crown Princes of Prussia and Saxony march for Paris this morning. The Bavarian Corps, under General Von der Tann, has been left at Sedan, whence 90,000 prisoners have been sent in batches of 20,000 to Germany. The French who do not sign the capitulation remain in Sedan as prisoners. The King and Count Bismark accompany the armies towards Paris. Great numbers of French officers have been released on parole, and are returning through Belgium."

A telegram from Brussels of yesterday's date says that Prussian scouts have been reported at Valenciennes.

General Vinoy, who had been sent with an army corps from Paris to reinforce MacMahon, did not arrive in time, but fell back by railway with his troops intact. On Monday he was at Laon.

A writer in the Parisian press thus describes—and in a somewhat sanguine spirit—the military situation:—"The Prussians are marching on Paris by three roads—by Rheims, Epervay, Château Thierry, and the valley of the Marne; by Laon, Soissons,

Pontoise, and the valley of the Oise; by Troyes, Montreuil, Melun, and the valley of the Seine. As the position between Vitry-le-François and Epervier has been abandoned, the writer says, the army marching by the road traced above must be opposed between the Marne and Paris, and he recalls the glorious names of Champanbert, Montmirail, and Féré-sous-Jourarre. The second army will first knock its head against Laon, and then against Soissons, where it would be easy to form an entrenched camp. As for the third army, M. Vignault thinks that its passage of the Aube might be successfully disputed if the French troops would make as good use of woods as the Prussians do. One may count upon the arrival of about 300,000 Prussians in the course of a week from this, and what forces has France in hand to meet the invasion? General Vinoy is said to have saved 40,000 men from the wreck of MacMahon's forces. The army of Lyons is 100,000 strong; in Paris there are 30,000 troops; in the depots some 50,000, besides regiments of recent formation. In the forts and fortifications there will be found 200,000 Mobs and 150,000 National Guards. This force should be able to hold Paris and allow time for the men between twenty-five and thirty-five—600,000 men, half of them old soldiers—to be organised. Paris must save France. The Prussians are bombarding the fortress of Montmédy, a short distance from Sedan.

JOYOUS DEMONSTRATIONS IN GERMANY.

Great rejoicings have taken place in German cities in consequence of the fresh victories obtained by the Prussian arms. The *Times* Berlin correspondent telegraphing at noon on Saturday says:—"There is immense enthusiasm. Many thousands are in front of the Palace cheering the Queen. All the schools are closed, and all the boys in the streets. Throughout the whole town flags are displayed. There will be an illumination to-night. There are to be thanksgiving prayers in the churches to-morrow. The Queen has appeared on the balcony of the Palace to thank the people for their cheers and singing the National Anthem amid deafening hurrahs. A venturesome boy clambered up the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, in front of the Palace, and placed a laurel wreath on its head. The Queen waved her handkerchief to him and sent him three gold Fredericks. The artisans are parading the streets with flags and bands."

The *Daily News* Berlin telegram says:—"Throughout the whole night the rejoicing were heard. The entire press of this city and elsewhere echoes the general sentiment—'On to Paris. There and there alone must peace be concluded. No neutral mediation or intervention.'"

We learn from Carlsruhe that the surrender of Marshal MacMahon has been celebrated there with speeches, a torchlight procession, and general illuminations. There is great rejoicing over the capture of the "hereditary foe," the Emperor.

GERMAN PROTEST AGAINST INTERVENTION.

On Wednesday there was a meeting of leading men of all parties in Berlin, at which the following address to the King was adopted:—

Please your Majesty,—When war seemed inevitable the nation rallied unanimously round your Majesty and your allies. It swore to endure faithfully to the end in the struggle for the security, unity, and greatness of our German fatherland. God has blessed the arms which have been wielded with unsurpassed bravery for the cause of justice. Victories have been gained, with streams of our nobles' blood, but they have brought us near the proposed end with unexpected rapidity. Enormous efforts must still be made. The German people are resolved to make any sacrifice for national objects; but in the midst of this earnest and elevated mood we are disturbed by ever-recurring reports that the foreign intervention, which did not know how to ward off the horrors of war, is now endeavouring to limit the reward of our struggle according to its own ideas. The recollection of the events that succeeded the glorious rising of our fathers still lives fresh in our memories, and warns Germany to consult only the requirements of her own welfare. We therefore again approach your Majesty, relying upon your wisdom for the exclusion of all foreign interference, and for the creation of a state of things which shall give better security than hitherto for the peaceable conduct of a neighbouring nation, lay the foundation of unity and liberty for the entire German people, and secure the same against all attacks.

A numerous meeting of merchants was held on Thursday on the Bourse at Königsberg, and an address to the King was drawn up and unanimously adopted, similar in purport to that passed by the merchants of Berlin, begging His Majesty to decline any foreign intervention in the event of negotiations being opened for peace. The two burgomasters and the presidents of ten district corporations of Munich have announced the adhesion of that capital to the recent manifesto of Berlin merchants with regard to foreign intervention in settling the conditions of peace. At the same time an address in the same sense was telegraphed to King Louis.

This protest has also been signed by the town councils of Leipzig, and other towns.

In reply to fresh remonstrances from the North German Ambassador in London respecting the supply of arms and ammunition to France, the British Government regrets its inability to interfere in the present state of the law. Germany contends that the British Government is constitutionally entitled to prohibit the exportation of arms and ammunition by an Order in Council. The *Berlin National Zeitung*, the leading Liberal paper, says that, notwithstanding the generous sympathy of the British Press and public, Germany will be, unfortunately, compelled

to reciprocate the hostility of the British Government. In general the German Press vehemently inveighs against England and Italy for supplying France with arms.

A numerously attended public meeting was held at Stuttgart on Sunday evening, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"The German people reject any attempt at mediation or intervention on the part of neutral Powers in negotiations for the conclusion of peace. The restoration of Alsace and Lorraine is for the German Empire the only possible guarantee against French ambition, and the natural reward of our national struggle and victory. With the adhesion of the South German States, and the reconquest of the long-lost German provinces, the North German Confederation must be cemented into a German Federal State. One single people, one army, one parliament, one German national system, are for Germany and for Europe pledges of a sure and lasting peace."

A semi-official Berlin paper publishes an article, headed, "Germany's wishes with regard to Alsace and Lorraine," in which it maintains that those provinces must be taken from France in order to secure the future safety of Germany. It says that the German people do not wish to establish their own preponderance, or to disturb the equilibrium of Europe, but simply to obtain by themselves a lasting peace from the old enemy of peace.

The official *Staatsanzeiger* says that "the moral laws governing the universe insured our victory over French depravity and insolence. The flower of the present generation must not be sacrificed in vain. We require material guarantees to prevent a recurrence of French forays." The semi-official *Zeidlers Correspondenz* says the London Cabinet, and those making common cause with it, "commit a fatal mistake in supposing that diplomatic notes will influence our resolves as to the conditions of peace. We will secure ourselves from future rapacious inroads on the part of France, and shall curiously deprecate foreign intermeddling." The semi-official *Berlin Nord Deutsche Zeitung* says that Germany will annex Alsace and Lorraine with Metz and the line of the Moselle.

PEACE PROPOSALS.

A telegram from Brussels dated Monday says:—"Offers of peace are said to have been made by M. Jules Favre, the French Foreign Secretary. M. Favre proposes that the German armies shall retire from the French territory, and that the Republic shall undertake to dissolve the French army, and not to organise any standing army, provided the integrity of France be respected by Germany. It is not believed here that this act of submission, however flattering to the German nation, will be accepted. King William and Bismarck are no longer the sole masters of the situation, and must regulate the conditions of peace according to the dictates of German public opinion."

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with the Prussian army gives the following very interesting account of an interview with Count Bismarck. His letter is dated, "Clermont-en-Argonne, August 29th"—that is, several days before the capitulation of Sedan. The writer says:—"Yesterday evening I had half-an-hour's conversation with Count Bismarck, and, as His Excellency was well aware that he was talking to your correspondent, and that 'anything he said might be taken down in writing, and used against him,' as they say in the police-courts, I have no hesitation in sending you the substance of his remarks about the conditions of peace to be demanded of France. 'We might,' said the Federal Chancellor, 'form Alsace and Lorraine into an independent neutral State stretching from Luxembourg to Switzerland, and so protecting the whole of our western frontier against France. But who is to guarantee the neutrality of such a State? Then, too, the people would be always wanting to return to France, to which they have so long belonged. As to we ourselves annexing Alsace and Lorraine, I do not see the use, far less the probability, of our doing so. We should have a discontented people to govern, and, besides, mere increase of territory has no attractions for Germany. But we must have securities against an attack from France. So long as she possesses Strasbourg the whole of South Germany is at her mercy; we have no fortress till you get to Ulm. Strasbourg, therefore, and Metz probably, we shall take and hold permanently if our arms are ultimately victorious. Strasbourg shall be our Gibraltar. You say that the French will hate us fearfully for taking their two best fortresses, and will perpetually be seeking to revenge themselves. I grant it; but it is certain that they are already so enraged against us that they will endeavour to revenge themselves in every possible way. The best thing we can therefore do in the interests of peace is to take the power of doing mischief out of their hands. The Germans insist on that. You say you hope we shall not meddle with Holland. My dear sir, we do not dream of it; the Dutch are not Germans, and German unity is what we want. I assure you no German dreams of trying to annex Holland.' Count Bismarck then spoke very strongly against the francs-tireurs, and pointing to an article from *Figaro*, translated in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he held in his hand, said that on their own showing the francs-tireurs were assassins, and could in no wise be considered as forming part of the regular French army. I ought perhaps to state that I in no way sought to 'interview' the Chancellor. He had expressed a wish to see the *Pall Mall Gazette*, English newspapers being rare articles here, and, on going to call for them, I was asked to step in and smoke a cigar with the great Minister."

DANGER OF PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE.

On this subject the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"The Bonapartist *Jacquerie*, whose hitherto recorded achievements culminated in the burning of a country gentleman's chateau in the Dordogne, was coolly taken by the majority of the Corps Législatif. They no doubt regarded the burning as a regrettable excess, but looked with complacency upon the thousand and one annoyances, insults, and assaults to which all persons believed to have said 'No' to the Plébiscite have been subjected in many departments with the connivance, if not at the instigation, of the authorities. But now a religious *Jacquerie* is going on which touches some of the old Government candidates nearly, and they cry out loudly for protection against lawless aggression. On Wednesday, MM. André, Johnston, Le Roux, and General Dautheville, who are Protestants, complained with much energy and bitterness in the Legislative Body that in all parts of France, in the north and the south, the east and the west, Protestants were accused of having Prussian sympathies, and were hooted in the streets with cries of 'Down with the Prussians.' A very stormy debate ensued, in the course of which the Opposition Deputies, MM. Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Ordinaire, Picard, Paul Bethmont, and Magnin, affirmed that the calumnies against the Protestants were propagated by the Prefectures, the Imperial Commissaries, the Procureurs-Général, and all classes of functionaries. M. Bethmont called upon the Government to dismiss all functionaries, no matter of what rank or however powerfully they might be protected, who lent themselves to the atrocious attempt to slander and oppress whole categories of citizens. M. Chevreau, the Minister of the Interior, made a most plausible speech, declaring that the Government knew no distinction between Catholics and Protestants, and repudiated and disavowed all the practices complained of. Thereupon M. Picard said the sentiments expressed by the Minister of the Interior were noble and excellent, but it was to be feared he had not the power to act up to what he said, because there existed an occult Government behind, parallel with or above the Ministry, which they could not resist. Enormous uproar in the ranks of the Majority was caused by this sally, while many members of the Left cried out that M. Picard had hit the nail on the head. Before sitting down, M. Picard said the country could not be satisfied with smooth words, but demanded acts. The prefects guilty of calumniating Protestants should be dismissed. There can be no doubt about the occult power alluded to by M. Picard. It is well known that when the vacillating Emperor was letting 'I dare not wait upon I would' about the war, the Empress, like another Lady Macbeth, 'screwed his courage to the sticking place,' and urged him on. She said to her entourage that she regarded this as a holy war, because it was waged against a Protestant power, and the prefects and their subordinates, who now persecute Protestants, do so because they think to please the Empress-Regent."

THE NEUTRAL POWERS.

The *Eastern Budget* publishes the following special telegram, dated Vienna, Sept. 5:—"The report from Florence, published in the papers here, that Italy has addressed definite proposals to Austria and Russia for the preservation of the integrity of France, is incorrect. It is stated positively in well-informed circles that no such proposals have been made, and that some indirect suggestions which were offered with this object by another Power have been decidedly rejected by the Vienna Cabinet. Austria adheres to her determination not to abandon her present attitude of reserve without coming to an understanding with all the other neutral Powers. The statement in some English papers, based apparently on a letter in the *North-Eastern Correspondence*, that the result of Count Chotek's mission to Vienna points to an offensive and defensive alliance between Austria and Russia, is totally untrue. No such alliance has been made or projected, and no engagements whatever have been entered into between the two Powers."

The Florence correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes:—"I was speaking with an eminent Italian statesman, a well-known general, who fought in the Crimea by the side of the English troops. 'That Crimean alliance,' said the general, 'marked an important era in European affairs. Italian interests can and must go face to face with England's. Great Britain is vitally interested in Indian and all Eastern affairs; so is Italy. Count Cavour, in sending Piedmontese soldiers to die in the Crimea, aimed at something more than merely preparing a united Italy. He aimed at securing to her a brilliant future in connection with the East. Nor can rivalries arise between the two nations, for while they both may profit largely by it, the one, far from damaging, will aid the other with one identical purpose.' The writer adds: "What the general said is what all Italians feel at heart."

Reports begin to reach us more and more frequently (observes the *Daily News*), that the Russian Government is prepared to consider any dismemberment of France to the advantage of Germany as a disturbance of political conditions which Russia must regard as injurious. Russia has, therefore—so run the reports—pledged herself not to allow any rectification of frontier to the detriment of France, and has even proposed an arrangement with England, Austria, and Italy for the purpose of putting a stop to the war, and causing it to be succeeded by a peace which shall spare the defeated party the pain and humiliation of forfeiting any portion of its territory. The *Daily News* refuses to believe in the truth of these ill-omened rumours. It may well be

that, notwithstanding the connection between the Russian and Prussian Courts, and the apparently good understanding which has recently prevailed between the two Governments, Russia feels somewhat jealous of the sudden independence and uprising of a Power which was, until lately, so much like one of her own dependants and led-captains. But Russia, with her Polish thorn in her side, seems hardly likely to rush into a war for an idea with France as her ally.

A letter from Copenhagen says the mass of the population, which at the beginning of the war burned with impatience to join their fortunes openly with those of the French, have now cooled down, and feel exceedingly disappointed. The reaction that has ensued in public feeling is as complete as it was sudden, and a similar change is already visible in the language held by part of the press.

NOTES OF THE WAR.

The Count de Paris remains in England. It is now officially announced that the total German loss at Woerth was 8,000.

The Czar of Russia has ordered the formation of a fourth battery in each Foot Artillery brigade.

King William has issued a decree ordering the formation of seventy-six new squadrons of cavalry. Stralsund, in the Baltic, is being provisioned, and is expected to be attacked.

Large exportations of meat are being made from this country to France.

Madame Walewski and other ladies of the Imperial Court have arrived at Brussels.

Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc have both returned to Paris.

Robert Mitchell and Paul de Cassagnac (Parisian journalists) were both made prisoners at Sedan.

The French fleet in the Baltic has received orders to concentrate itself in Kioge Bay.

It is believed that all the members of the Corps Diplomatique have decided to remain in Paris, even in the event of a siege.

It appears that in the post-office throughout Lorraine and Alsace the Emperor's head on the stamps is already replaced by the Prussian eagle.

General Trochu has ordered that all the houses outside the walls of Paris which happen to be within range shall be immediately destroyed.

The death at Mars-la-Tour of Henry XVII., Prince Reuss, from a grenade shot, was instantaneous, his body being torn in pieces and hurled to a wide distance.

A correspondent, writing to *Figaro*, recommends the employment of explosive bullets, and that all provisions forcibly furnished to the Prussians be poisoned.

On Thursday a decree was issued in Paris ordering 100,000 Gardes Mobile from the departments to take part in the defences of the capital. There are still 60,000 regular troops there.

The Count de Palikao, the head of the late French Government, and M. Chevreau, the late Minister of the Interior, are in Belgium. The Duc de Gramont has arrived at Dover.

Letters received from Mr. Sydney Hall, the gentleman acting as artist to the *Graphic*, who was taken at Nancy by the Prussians, state that he has been released.

In the town hospital of Frankfurt is a Prussian who has received twelve wounds. Thanks to the careful attention he has had, he is not only still live, but in a fair way of recovery.

The French have blown up the fortifications of Verdun to prevent their being of advantage to the Prussians.

The death is announced of Mgr. Hacquard, Bishop of Verdun. He was killed by the bursting of a shell on the platform of the cathedral, to which he had ascended, bearing in his hand a flag of truce.

The Emperor Napoleon crossed the Prussian territory by the same railway which, eighteen months ago, he wished to buy for the advantage of his military plans.

The Wiesbaden journals are anxious that the German armies on their return from Paris should bring back some art treasures not restored in 1815, among them some porphyry pillars which adorned the dome of Aix-la-Chapelle Cathedral.

The Besançon journal, *Le Jour*, advertises a reward of a million francs to the soldier who shall deliver King William, alive or dead, into the Emperor's hands, and 100,000 for any other German Prince.

The news of the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon and of Marshal MacMahon's army was published at New York at noon on Saturday and caused great excitement. The Germans were rejoicing. German flags were displayed in great numbers.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has been arrested as a Prussian spy, and been subjected to the most shocking indignities. He is now released, but he will have a sad story to tell. He is, however, now getting better.

(Continued on page 835.)

FARTHING A MILE RAILWAY FARES.—It is stated that a few days ago the London and South-Western Railway Company tried the experiment of running a train from Bideford to London and back, at the fares recommended by the Belgian Government, viz., one farthing per mile, the fare for the return journey being only 10s. The experiment was perfectly successful, about 460 passengers, a large portion of whom were working men, availing themselves of the opportunity afforded. Mr. Scott, the traffic manager of the South-Western, was so pleased with the result that he gave to each passenger a free pass from London to Hampton Court and back.

Postscript

Wednesday, September 7th, 1870.

THE WAR.

(OFFICIAL.)

St. MENEHOULD, Sept. 5, 2 p.m.

MacMahon's army, after the battle at Beaumont, on the 30th of August, counted 120,000. About fifty generals are among the prisoners taken at Sedan. The transport of prisoners to Germany has begun. Our armies advance on Paris.

(UNOFFICIAL.)

Prussia has requested the other German Governments to take a portion of the 80,000 prisoners of Sedan off her hands. Each State will probably take two prisoners per 1,000 inhabitants.

MUNICH, Sept. 6.

The Ministry of War publishes the following:—

"According to telegraphic advices from the seat of war received by this Ministry, the 1st Bavarian Army Corps, commanded by Baron von Tann, was engaged on the 30th ult. at Beaumont and Raucourt, on the 31st near Bazelles, and on the 1st in the great battle near Sedan. In this last battle the Bavarians captured two eagles, three cannon, and a large number of prisoners.

"In a letter to the Queen, the King of Prussia praised the extraordinary services of the Bavarian troops in the late battles.

"Our losses are said to be strikingly moderate as compared with those sustained by the French.

"It has not been possible to obtain further details.

(From the *Times* Correspondent.)

BERLIN, Sept. 6.

Russia contemplates proposing a Congress for restoring peace. Prussia is sure to decline.

Prussia will probably ask Austria to explain the object of her armaments.

Three South German capitals demand reunion with the North. The Munich Town Council petitioned the King of Bavaria to join the North German Confederation. The King, in reply, hopes that the war will secure a happy future for Bavaria and Germany. At Stuttgart a monster meeting of leading politicians and most respectable citizens demanded the immediate reunion with Northern Germany. Similar demonstrations at Carlsruhe and Mayence.

PARIS, SEPT. 6 (9.45 P.M.).

Prussians arrived yesterday at Neufchâteau. Preparations for the defence of Paris continue with great vigour.

Victor Hugo arrived in Paris last night, and met with an enthusiastic popular welcome at the railway-station.

The first act of M. Jules Favre was to telegraph to the Washington Government announcing the proclamation of the Republic, and demanding the moral support of the United States.

M. Arago addressed the people from the Hôtel de Ville this afternoon, recommending the maintenance of order, and declaring that the Government would conceal nothing from the people. He said that orders had been sent to the provinces to arrest Piétri, the late Prefect of Police, who had fled.

The report of the death of Marshal MacMahon is contradicted. He is terribly wounded in the upper part of the right thigh, but hopes are entertained of his recovery.

General de Failly was not shot by his own soldiers, as reported, but was killed by a shell.

A letter from Bouillon, dated the 2nd inst., states that 12,000 men of Marshal MacMahon's army were at Mézières, and 20,000 between Vouziers and La Chêne Populeux.

No news has been received from the invested cities.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Prince Imperial, accompanied by Commander Dupère, Major Lamme, and Major Ferry, crossed over from Ostend yesterday morning. He arrived at Dover at half-past one o'clock. Very few persons had been acquainted with the fact that the Prince was on board, but somehow it oozed out, and about a hundred people assembled on the pier in the soaking rain. The Prince on landing was respectfully saluted by most of the spectators, and he frequently acknowledged their attentions by touching his hat. He was attired in a dark suit, and wore a gray great coat and an ordinary deer-stalking hat. He appeared to be in perfect health, and conversed freely with his Governor while walking up to the Lord Warden Hotel. He was met on the pier by Mr. Eborall, the general manager of the South-Eastern Railway, who escorted him to the Lord Warden Hotel, where he remained until the afternoon, leaving Dover by the train on the South-Eastern Railway at 8.45 for Hastings. As, attended by Mr. Eborall, he walked up the platform, there was considerable cheering. The Prince, who was visibly affected, on entering the carriage cordially shook hands with the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Churchward, and other gentlemen within reach. Mr. Eborall, at the especial desire of the Prince, accompanied him in the Royal carriage to his destination.

THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

"A Parisian Resident" sends one or two interesting notes to the *Daily News*:—

"Some of the National Guards at the Café say that they were Imperialists until yesterday; '*mais un Empereur ne se rend pas*.' They consider that the Empress behaved well. One of them observes that she is 'the only man of the family.' The general

feeling among them is that Paris will have to yield because there is no ammunition. Been to see a deputy of the Left. He tells me that the Government recognises the fact that France must treat, and that it is ready to pay a war indemnity to Prussia; if, however, there is any attempt to insist upon a cession of territory, no French Ministry will sign the treaty. A battle will be fought under the walls of Paris then, perhaps, Paris will be taken. The Prussians will remain here as long as they like. The Provisional Government will retire beyond the Loire, and Europe will be disquieted until the right of France to her own territory is recognised. Deputy says he hopes that Liberal England will give France all her moral influence, and at least declare that she will take part in no Congress, or sign no general European treaty, unless the principle of no territorial cession be recognised. Enter a superior officer. Officer says that General Vinoy has about 40,000 men; that there are 30,000 troops in Paris and 18,000 marines; that 80,000 National Guards are fully armed and equipped, and will efficiently co-operate with the troops; that 100,000 National Guards and Mobiles from the provinces will come to aid in the defence of Paris, but it is not known whether they have arms and ammunition. If not, he adds, they are useless; we have thousands of volunteers here, but no arms to give them. I ask him about ammunition. He shakes his head and sighs."

The Florence correspondent of the *Daily News* announces that a deputation from Nice has had an interview with the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The deputation declared that the inhabitants of Nice were tired of the tyrannical yoke of France, and would bear it no longer. In the late communal elections not a single Frenchman had been returned. The young men refused to serve in the Garde Mobile, and daily conflicts between the military and the people were taking place. All was ready for a general rising, and if the Italian Government would not utter a word of encouragement, affairs would have to take their own course. The Minister declined to say anything on the subject, and the deputation was to return the same evening.

The Civil List of the Emperor Napoleon was paid monthly and in advance. He received in cash £1,000,000 a year, and in rentes £200,000. Prince Napoleon and his sister received £60,000, making a total of £1,260,000. The Senate, which has just been abolished, cost nearly £200,000.

LATEST FOREIGN TELEGRAMS. SPAIN.

MADRID, Sept. 5.

An official decree has been published increasing by 100 men the battalions of the line regiments, and by 350 the battalions of Chasseurs. The soldiers on furlough are also called in, as well as the reserve, if the first measure should prove insufficient.

The Republican minority of the Cortes have sent a congratulatory telegram to the Provisional Government at Paris which says:—"We salute you on the advent of right and the inauguration of a new era of liberty and peace for the whole of Europe. We are sure that in the name of the Republic the rivalries excited by kings will cease, and that Europe will in future form one nation and one family."

The telegram is signed by nineteen deputies. A grand Republican demonstration will be held in honour of France and in favour of abrogating the articles of the Constitution which establishes a monarchical form of government in Spain.

AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

A fire occurred at Chicago yesterday, causing a loss of three millions of dollars.

Great rejoicing is being manifested among the Germans throughout the country. Their residences yesterday were hung with national flags, and the German mercantile fleet in this port was profusely decorated in the same manner. It has been proposed to hold mass meetings of Germans in the principal cities to celebrate the victories.

AUSTRALIA.

(By British-Indian Cable.)

MELBOURNE, Aug. 14.

The Victorian Government having failed to make arrangements with the New Zealand Government for the conveyance of the mails *via* San Francisco, they will not forward any letters by that route for the present.

The Imperial troops leave for England by the Corona on the 20th instant.

Sir James Palmer, President of the Legislative Council, has retired.

RIOT AT ENNISKILLEN.—Telegrams from Enniskillen state that a riot occurred in that town last Monday night under the following circumstances:—News had been received of French reverses and Prussian victories. The sympathisers with the respective countries mustered in considerable force. The partisans of Prussia, in a demonstrative manner, showed their joy at the capitulation of Marshal MacMahon's army and the Emperor; those sympathising with France evinced their sorrow in like manner at the reverses which that country had sustained. Both parties unfortunately came into collision, and the police were obliged to charge. Numbers were seriously injured. Yesterday the town was in a very disturbed state, and the military were held in readiness to suppress any disturbance.

MRS. BAYNES and her Sisters, the Misses **BEARD**, have REMOVED from Denmark-hill to a larger house at **HAMPSTEAD**, where their PUPILS will RE-SUMBLE early in SEPTEMBER. Prospectuses will be forwarded on application to Mrs. Baynes, Mount View, Green-hill, Hampstead, N.W.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION of ENGLAND and WALES. AUTUMNAL MEETINGS.

The TIME of the MEETINGS is changed from the 24th to the 10th OCTOBER next.

ALEXANDER HANNAY, Secretary.
18, South-street, Finsbury Sept. 6th, 1870.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Terms for Advertising in THE NONCONFORMIST are as follows—

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There are, on an average, eight words in a line.

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£1. 3s. 10d. per Annum.

* * Where any difficulty is experienced in obtaining copies with regularity from the Newsvendor, the Subscriber will find his cause of complaint removed by ordering a stamped copy direct from the Publishing-office.

The Nonconformist.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1870.

SUMMARY.

THE great European drama has made startling progress during the past week, though the denouement is as uncertain as ever. The utter rout of Marshal MacMahon at Sedan, the capitulation of his army, the surrender of the Emperor, a revolution in Paris, and the proclamation of the French Republic, are the great events which have occurred since the issue of our last number.

A week ago MacMahon, with his great army, ever being swollen in numbers from Paris, had already been arrested in his bold design of marching to the relief of Bazaine. We now know that he hoped to reach Metz by the 1st of September, on which day the French army cooped up in that fortress was to make a simultaneous effort to cut through the investing Germans. For a moment the dashing plan staggered the Prussian Staff. "Bismarck became anxious, and even the impassive Moltke had a *'mauvais quartre d'heure.'*" The army of "Fritz" wheeled round to the north, and hastened by forced marches to co-operate with the corps of the Crown Prince of Saxony, advancing from the lines around Metz. But MacMahon, with his heterogeneous and ill-disciplined host, moved slowly. By Tuesday his scheme had already become impracticable, and he shaped his course in a north-westerly direction. But he was already caught in the toils. That afternoon De Failly's ill-fated corps, forming his rearguard, was attacked by the Germans and defeated. On Wednesday the Saxon army, reinforced by the Bavarians from the forces of the Crown Prince, crossed the Meuse, and defeated the French with great loss at Beaumont. The disorganised regiments of MacMahon fell back during the night, and Thursday found them occupying a position around Sedan, a small French fortress a few miles from the Belgian frontier, fronted and flanked by the now combined German armies. All day long the battle raged along the heights and in the valley, the superior artillery fire of the Prussians decimating and breaking up the French ranks. Many thousands of the defeated French found refuge on Belgian soil and were disarmed. But the main body was gradually enveloped by the enemy who so greatly outnumbered them. The circle was drawn closer and closer, and escape was impossible. The conflict was suspended, but it was not till next morning that further resistance was found to be utterly useless, and MacMahon's army, now reduced to 90,000 men, surrendered as prisoners of war. Of the terrible carnage on the battle-field we have no

very definite accounts, but the Germans, who conquered chiefly with their artillery, escaped this time with moderate losses. MacMahon being severely wounded, the capitulation was concluded by General Wimpffen, just arrived from Algeria, who had taken the command the day before.

The Emperor Napoleon had followed MacMahon in his marches and retreat, and it is not certain whether or not he was personally engaged in the battle of Sedan. He himself surrendered to the King of Prussia by sending his sword. The interview between the two monarchs took place in a small castle near Sedan. With the exception of what took place between them with closed doors—during which the King reports that the Emperor "was cast down, but dignified in his bearing and resigned"—all the circumstances of this interesting historical event are narrated by correspondents with the German army. To the fallen Sovereign was assigned a royal residence near Cassel, and by the permission of the Brussels Government a special train was allowed to traverse Belgium with the Emperor and his suite. The die was cast, and Napoleon seems to have borne up under his crushing misfortunes with fortitude if not with *sangfroid*.

On Saturday Paris was in a state of hopeful expectancy, buoyed up by the false reports of victories published by the Press, and by the garbled account given by the Government. Towards evening disquieting rumours began to spread and agitation to increase. Crowds gathered in the streets shouting "Abdication," and calling on General Trochu to assume the position of Dictator. The Legislative Body met at midnight, when M. Jules Favre proposed to declare the throne forfeited, and to entrust the Government to a Parliamentary committee. The motion was received in silence, but had not been accepted when the House adjourned. When Sunday broke all Paris was aware of the extent of the catastrophe. The Chamber met at noon, and commenced deliberations as to the future government of the country. Committees were appointed. But the revolution had begun out of doors. The National Guard and the people were fraternising, the regular troops catching the infection, and as the day advanced all Paris was in a transport of joyful exultation, kissing, embracing, and shouting, *Vive la République!* When the Chamber again met, the people overflowed into and took possession of the House, and the deposition of the dynasty was proclaimed, and ratified by a monster assembly before the Hotel de Ville. Not a life was lost, not a drop of blood shed, and little property was injured.

By Monday morning the new Government of the French Republic, "with full military powers for the national defence," with General Trochu as the President, were in working order—M. Jules Favre being Foreign Minister, M. Gambetta, Minister of the Interior, and MM. Cremieux, Picard, and Simon taking other offices. They soon set to work. The Senate and the Legislative Body were dissolved by decree, the manufacture and sale of arms was declared absolutely free, and a political amnesty proclaimed. The Empress left for Belgium, and the satellites of the Imperial régime fled across the Channel. All the great towns have accepted the Republic, and the rest of France silently acquiesces.

The paroxysm of joy at the downfall of the Empire has hardly yet subsided, though the German armies are rapidly advancing, and their Uhlans are only fifty miles from the capital. Paris will soon be besieged, unless negotiations should be at once commenced. Her citizens are bent on a determined resistance, but lack arms and ammunition. France has still multitudes of defenders, but they are nearly all undisciplined, and no match for the terrible battalions of the King of Prussia. Her only effective army is cooped up in Metz hard and fast, and on the point of capitulation, after having made a desperate attempt last week to break through the cordon of German troops that invests that fortress. Perhaps the Republic will be short-lived. It can hardly survive further defeats and a prolongation of the war, while a disastrous peace—which is, apparently, alone possible—would discredit Jules Favre and his colleagues. But, however that may be, before the week is out, King William will probably be under the walls of Paris, and have issued a summons to surrender.

MENSIS MIRABILIS.

THE month of August, 1870, will be for ever memorable amongst the months of the present century. We are too close upon it, just now, to be able correctly to estimate how far it stands above all other months within recollection, in

the vast magnitude of the events which it comprehends. There has been such a simultaneous, or nearly simultaneous, outburst of great changes, that we find it impossible to appreciate all at once their significance. We are in the midst of tremendous political cataclysms. Our minds are agitated by oft-recurring earthquakes. The fire of international passions, and the din and smoke of daily battles, confuse us, bewilder us, and, for the instant, blind us. The ordinary course of affairs seems to have undergone a complete revolution, and we have passed into a realm of terrific wonder. We speculate, not without a humiliating sense of our shortsightedness, upon what will be the upshot of this huge commotion. of the future which will be ushered in by it. What sort of sovereign power will henceforth preside over the destinies of Europe, the coming of which is announced by such a clash of martial music, we know nothing, and can only speak according to our hopes. We wistfully follow the light which the present projects into the future, to discern, if possible, some dim outline of what is coming upon the age. We can see nothing but what is suggested to us by our own sentiments, wishes, and faith. It has been in truth a wonderful month—one of the turning-points of the world's history—full of the throes preceding the birth of a new state of things—possibly the rending to pieces of that artificial and unnatural combination of dynastic powers which, for a century past, has kept the nations of Europe armed one against another, and has imposed upon its various peoples burdens too heavy to be submissively borne.

At the beginning of the month of August last, one might see before him all the tokens and symbols of a mighty and prosperous Empire. He who had shaped it, and who was the soul of it—Napoleon III.—not unfrequently regarded as the ablest and the most successful of the Bonapartes, had just assumed in person the nominal direction of an army so numerous, so well disciplined, so abundantly equipped, as to be looked upon by Frenchmen as invincible, and by the other nations of Europe as the finest army in the world. War had been declared. The gauntlet of defiance had been thrown down by the Emperor himself—avowedly with the view of punishing Germany for being too great a rival for France, of marching to Berlin, of breaking up all recent arrangements for German unity, and of appropriating a portion of the Rhine territory to the rectification of the frontiers of the Empire. What has happened since? That army has been rent to tatters and dispersed. That Emperor has become a prisoner in the hands of the King of Prussia. That Empire, which it has taken upwards of eighteen years to develop, has passed away, as though it had never been, and over both France and Germany the Shadow of the Angel of Death, covering many a fair and sunny region, gloomily rests. We need not recount the remarkable military events of the month—in nothing more remarkable than this, that they have been, without exception, adverse to the country whose Sovereign dared, for dynastic reasons, or even for worse, to interrupt the peace of Europe. Our readers have already made themselves familiar with that astounding series of facts which has taken all the nations round about with surprise. Nor, will it be of the smallest advantage that we should attempt to give a true picture of "the situation" at the present moment; for it is constantly shifting. Even whilst the Prussian hosts are once more pushing on towards Paris, it is impossible to say that Prussia, or France, or even the Neutral Powers, know precisely what to do with the occasion which has arisen. For a moment the prospect looks ominously threatening, and, interpreting only the incidents which are nearest to us, we should say that the danger seems imminent of a war of vindictive passions between the people of France and the people of Germany.

We have a strong presentiment, not altogether unsustained by reason, that this danger, so alarming in appearance, will be found after a little while to fade away into space. France, it is true, has been wounded in her military pride, and may be well supposed to regard any concession to her foe as utterly incompatible with what the world calls her national honour. But even the people of France may be supposed to prefer the surrender of supreme political influence on the Continent, to the extreme ruin of their material and moral interests. The fact is, she has no army capable of now resisting the armies of the invader. She has no object (save the indulgence of momentary revenge) in prolonging the war. She may possibly make the position of her antagonist worse than it is, but she cannot better her own. Her peasantry hate war, and it was upon the good-will of her peasantry that the Empire relied. Her com-

mercial and mercantile and manufacturing classes disapproved of the present war from the beginning. Paris, threatened with a siege, and vainly trying to familiarise the minds of her citizens with the idea that the artistic and the beautiful must give place, if need be, to the patriotic and the inevitable, would hail any fair opportunity of escaping the terrible fate which now impends over her. What has happened at Strasbourg seems on the point of being repeated at Paris; and for what purpose? There really is nothing to fight for. The war was essentially dynastic in its origin, and ought to cease with the dynasty which declared it. If it be true that M. Jules Favre, on behalf of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, has suggested proposals of peace, to the effect that Prussia shall evacuate France, and that France shall abolish her standing army, we may regard the fact as indicative, at least, of a disposition on the part of those who represent for the moment the French people to close the present sanguinary war as soon as it can be closed without needless humiliation.

We are not without hope, moreover, that Prussia may listen to reasonable terms, for she has a right unquestionably to demand an ample guarantee against any wanton aggression in the future. She cannot afford to live under conditions which would expose her to the peril, once in every generation or two, of throwing her intensest energies, without stint and without limit, into a struggle for her own national independence. She must be allowed to be the best judge of the kind of guarantee which would most certainly answer her need. But we have no fear that Prussia will push matters far beyond the necessities of the occasion. Now, too, the neutral Powers may interpose their good offices with some hope of a successful issue. That England will first recognise the Republic without a moment's delay, and will then offer her service of mediation to the Provisional Government, we earnestly hope. There is at least an opening for the intervention of humanity, of friendship, and of policy, to stay the most sanguinary conflict of any age. The month upon which we have entered will, we trust, be not less remarkable for the settlement of international differences, than the preceding month has been for the violent and bloody conflicts which are a reproach to the name of our common Christianity.

PEACE PROPOSALS.

WILL the inauguration of a French Republic be favourable to an early peace? A full answer to this question must depend, of course, upon future events. But we are not without some aids to a vague conclusion on the subject. The Republicans are in power in France, but their fearful responsibilities are not less than those which weighed down and shattered the Imperial régime. They have to face a triumphant foe while the armies of France are either crushed or useless. To seem to carry on energetic resistance to the enemy upon French soil, is the necessity of the hour. It is a terrible inheritance for the peace party in France. Whatever be the other characteristics of the men who have been suddenly called to the helm, their principles are essentially pacific. They have long discarded the traditions of 1792. The fraternity of all nations, not the ascendancy of one, has been for many years their motto. The French Republicans have consistently and unswervingly opposed the warlike policy of the Empire, the ebullitions of international jealousy, and the huge armaments maintained by Napoleon III. Neither Jules Favre nor Jules Simon, the leaders of the new Government, have encouraged national animosity against Prussia; nor have the artisans of the large towns at their back been the clamorous supporters of the present war.

We feel no surprise, therefore, at the report that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, discarding the traditions of the Empire, has made proposals of peace to Count Bismarck. They are in brief said to be that the German armies shall retire from French territory, and that the Republic shall undertake to dissolve the French army, and not to organise any standing army, provided the integrity of France be respected by Germany. The plan seems to be worthy of M. Favre, and to indicate on his part high moral courage, statesmanlike qualities, and a clear insight into the difficulties of the situation. He knows too well that France can only prolong the conflict by the endurance of untold misery, and that whatever efforts she may put forth, eventually success is at least doubtful. He knows, too, that his country will not submit, except in the last extremity, to a dismemberment of territory. The Republican Government may fairly plead with

Germany:—"This terrible war was none of our seeking. The Empire which provoked it is dead. You entered upon the conflict to resist aggression, and obtain securities for the future. You have crushed our armaments, and we give a pledge that new ones shall not be created to menace you. The Republic is peace. We discard all ideas of military ascendancy, and as a proof of our loyal feeling we will have no more standing armies. You are strong enough to oblige us to keep to our bargain."

That such a proposal, if really made by the Republican Government of France, would, at the present juncture, have a great effect upon European opinion can hardly admit of a doubt. If rejected, it would put Germany in the wrong. The King of Prussia has already secured the avowed object for which he unsheathed the sword, excepting security for the future. Would the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine provide the necessary guarantee? It is impossible to suppose that a great nation like France, if obliged to accept present spoliation, would rest content with the humiliation. She would nurse her revenge, and seek the earliest opportunity of recovering her lost territory. Europe would thus be kept in a state of chronic alarm, the system of huge armaments would still be kept up, and new political combinations might some day be formed which would tempt France once more to try, not without some prospect of success, to recover her lost territory. Germany would, perhaps, still triumph, but at how great a sacrifice! Even a successful war is a calamity to a nation.

That the proposals of terms of peace, such as are attributed to M. Jules Favre, would be accepted by Germany, is, we fear, unlikely. The recent manifestations of public opinion throughout the Fatherland forbid the hope. There is something more than patriotism in the feelings engendered in Germany by the marvellous success of her armies. The natural desire for protection and security is fast merging into a demand for material gains, and the mere hint that territorial aggrandisement may not be palatable to the Neutral Powers is resented with scornful indignation by the German Press. They must have their "pound of flesh." France, however changed and transformed, must be effectually, and for all future time, muzzled, though intelligent Germans can hardly fail to see that such a policy has not the elements of stability and peace.

So far as at present appears, the demands of the German people exceed those of her statesmen. Even Count Bismarck, as would appear from his recent conversation with the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as reported elsewhere, does not desire an extension of territory. "As to we ourselves annexing Alsace and Lorraine," he said, a week ago, "I do not see the use, far less the probability, of our doing so. We should have a discontented people to govern, and besides, mere increase of territory has no attractions for Germany"—a statement we fear at variance with the most recent indications of public opinion among his countrymen. The Chancellor insists, however, that Strasbourg and Metz should be retained by the conqueror. It might be comparatively easy to arrange with respect to the former fortress, but we are at a loss to understand how Germany could hold Metz if the surrounding country were in the hands of France.

The task of Count Bismarck is more difficult than that of General Moltke. He has to choose between disarmament, which would inaugurate a pacific era, leave no bitterness ranking in the hearts of the French people but such as time would assuage, or a policy of spoliation and humiliation which will keep open the sore. Magnanimity and true wisdom commend the first; revenge and the lust of conquest demand the second. Angry protests against intervention are now the order of the day throughout the Fatherland. The war, we fear, has already produced its baneful results upon German sentiment; and, whatever king or statesman might be content with, popular clamour seems likely to drown the claims of generosity and forbearance, and decide to fight on to the bitter end.

STRASBOURG—THE "NECESSITIES OF WAR."

THE laws of war and the necessities of war are phrases often employed, but their significance is seldom realised. We hear so much of the chivalry, the manly virtues, and the self-sacrificing spirit often evoked by war, that we are apt to forget that it can be a cover for the most atrocious outrages. Its so-called laws are mere lawlessness: its chivalry is quite compatible with horrible cruelties to women and children; under its régime infamies are justifiable which under ordinary circumstances would call forth universal reprobation. If we withdraw our

eyes for a moment from the false halo and phantasmagoria of an exciting campaign as viewed from afar, and fix them upon such an event as the siege of Strasbourg, we get a concentrated and too true a picture of the real tendencies of war.

This celebrated city, the Queen of the Rhine, has the unspeakable misfortune of possessing a strong fortress, which is not apart from but is now an integral part of the city. Defenceless, the 80,000 inhabitants of this great border town might have remained in comparative security. Captured it might have been, but it would have been in a military sense a prize to none. The wooden horse was not so fatal a gift to Troy as was Vauban's legacy of a strong fortress to the citizens of Strasbourg. Before the declaration of war we read of the close and friendly intercourse of the populations on either bank of the Rhine, of the free mingling together of Badenese and Alsations, speaking much the same language, for trade and agricultural purposes. When the terrible signal was hoisted at Paris, the two sections of this great population were suddenly transformed into deadly enemies at the call of "patriotism." They were foes as a matter of form rather than reality; but as events have progressed, this hostility has reached a pitch of exasperation and revenge that can hardly be surpassed, and is, alas! too easily accounted for.

The rout of MacMahon at Woerth on the 6th of August left Alsace, with the exception of its fortresses, at the mercy of the German conqueror. The gates of Strasbourg, after being opened to receive a number of the fugitive soldiers, were hastily closed, and Governor Ulrich announced his resolution to defend the city to the last extremity, though he had but some ten thousand troops and militia to man the walls. The piteous entreaties of eighty thousand non-combatants went for nothing. "The necessities of war" required him to hold the fortress, and are not such claims immeasurably superior to any considerations of humanity? The possession of Strasbourg would give the Germans the key to Alsace, and liberate for other services some 60,000 troops engaged in the siege. The same reasons which made it so important for them to capture the place made it important for the French to retain it. Heavy guns were brought and placed in position, and since the 23rd of August this doomed city has been continuously under bombardment.

A fortnight's bombardment! It is impossible to realise the accumulated horrors of the catastrophe in a city of narrow streets and old houses, crowded with thousands of innocent men, women, and children. At first the Badenese besiegers directed their fire of bombs and shells upon the fortress itself without making any great impression. Soon the exasperated General Ulrich—whom the French Legislative Body have voted a glorious hero—finding that he was no match for the enemy, directed his artillery upon the opposite bank of the Rhine, and the German town of Kehl and the surrounding villages were reduced to ashes. The laws of war admit of no compunctions. Even the church of Kehl, although converted into a hospital with the blessed Geneva flag flying at its steeple, was not spared. It was set on fire, and the hapless wounded soldiers who had escaped death in the field were burned alive in the flames. The enraged besiegers determined on revenge, but their vengeance as usual falls not on the guilty but the innocent. Let us quote the language of a German writer, Berthold Auerbach, to show what he calls "the service" which the Baden artillerymen are rendering to "the Fatherland," merely premising that the interruptions of the garrison by day oblige the investing force to bombard the city always at night time, when the aim of their guns must be uncertain:—

Now began on our side the fire—flash for flash, blow for blow, they were returned with interest. There, the citadel blazes up; the fast-falling night revealed every fire-flame. Bombs soared aloft and descended. Now the city was on fire north from the Cathedral. It must have fallen on inflammable material, for instantly the flames shot heavenward. From this point who can paint the scene? Here and there it blazed up; we saw four, five configurations, two united, and presented a vast roaring furnace. The wind blew from the west, and fanned the flames; they darted up forked tongues of fire. "If the cathedral does but remain unharmed," was the cry that ran from mouth to mouth, and meanwhile feelings of deep compassion were expressed for those within the city. In spirit we were transported among those now wailing in vaulted cellars, as they heard the thunder of the guns, ignorant where the fires were raging,—perhaps even their own homes. And in the streets the fires must be left to rage unchecked. Who could strive to quench them while each minute further discharges were falling? How many cry out to their own dear ones, seek them, and are like beings bewildered in their own homes! What shrieking, what misery! If one could but compress together the heart-throbs of the people, far louder, quicker, mightier, must be the stroke than the deep roar of the guns which, incessantly discharged, lit up the gloom, here—there—till the eye could no longer follow. We strove to be—

lieve their assurances that the precincts of the cathedral, above all, itself, would remain uninjured. And yet for a moment it had seemed to us that the cathedral terrace, which had been made the observatory of the enemy, was on fire. It was, however, an illusion. The flames illumined our homeward way. The sky was over-spread with light clouds of a blood red. The fire must have been visible beyond the Rhine, far into the Black Forest.

This is the picture drawn by an outsider of one night's bombardment—one out of ten days or a fortnight during which the fire-lava without ceasing rained over Strasbourg from two hundred and fifty cannons and two hundred mortars. Of the actual condition of the terrified population and their homes we get some idea from the fugitives who have been sent forth. Spite of the care taken by the gunners, whole streets are in ruins, 240 dwelling-houses have been burned to the ground, and as far as accounts have been received about a thousand lives have been sacrificed. Water is far too scarce and precious to be used to extinguish the flames, and the risk of exposure in extinguishing the flames is very great. Most of the inhabitants spent their nights in the cellars, which have, however, been inundated through a swell of the Rhine. What their life by day is may be imagined from the statements that a shell fell upon the roof of a Catholic school, killing seven girls and wounding four; that the shrieks of the terrified women may at times be heard at Kehl; that potatoes are twenty francs a sack; and that horseflesh is the only meat to be obtained. The Cathedral, that matchless specimen of German mediæval genius, has been seriously injured, though its spire as yet remains intact, and no one can say that it will not be destroyed to meet the exigencies of war.

Attempts have been made to put a stop to these unspeakable horrors, but the necessities of war are too urgent for the claims of humanity to be regarded. To the frantic appeals of the unhappy citizens the cruel governor replies that he will not surrender till the city is a heap of ashes. The mediation of the good Bishop, of Strasbourg, who has sunk beneath his anxieties, was equally unsuccessful. An armistice could only be granted by the besiegers if General Ulrich were prepared to negotiate, and to allow the inhabitants to retire would be to indefinitely prolong the siege. At length, however, the prolonged wail of anguish from the non-combatants has been heard at head-quarters, and the King of Prussia has given orders that the town shall in future be spared, and the shells and bombs be alone fired at the fortifications, even at the risk of prolonging the siege.

Such is war stripped of all its pomp and glitter—such the inhuman indifference to the wholesale and protracted sufferings of innocent thousands exhibited by friends and foes alike. To save time—to further the objects of a campaign—women and children are remorselessly killed, burnt, starved, and tortured for ten days together. Their shrieks of agony are unheeded. The man who has brought these calamities upon them is applauded in Paris as a pattern hero; the besiegers, who inflict them unwillingly, no doubt, plead dire necessity. Never was there a sadder illustration of the brutalising effects of war—of that fearful international enmity which can stifle every human feeling, every relenting of pity, every appeal to mercy, with the excuse that the necessities of war will not allow such weakness. Yet the majority of mankind look on with complacency, if not admiration, at the diabolical work!

HELPING THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR.

It is painful to read the details of the terrible and almost unprecedented carnage which, during the last few weeks, has stained the luxuriant plains and vine-clad slopes of Eastern France. The hills of Alsace and Lorraine, the valleys of Champagne, and the romantic defiles of the Ardennes, have beheld the best of French and German blood shed like water. On both sides, there has been a reckless disregard of human life. The French have again and again remained at their posts until crushed and almost annihilated beneath the overwhelming force of superior numbers. The Germans on their side have heavily flung themselves, with fearful persistency, on the most strongly fortified positions of their antagonists, the gaps occasioned by the murderous fire of the French mitrailleurs being speedily filled up from the enormous reserves awaiting their turn to face the risk of slaughter. The awful results of this wholesale fighting, this dread satanic struggle, are to be seen in the vast numbers of writhing forms which crowd the temporary hospitals and ambulances that have been hastily established in the French and German towns and villages in the

vicinity of the seat of war. No imagination, however fertile, can conceive anything like the dread reality of the tremendous mass of human suffering and misery which seven short weeks of warfare have sufficed to produce. No part of the civilised world is more rich in hospital accommodation than is the United Kingdom; yet, were the whole of our hospitals to be opened for the sole reception of the sick and wounded victims of this unhappy war, their entire resources would become utterly exhausted long before relief had been afforded to the sufferers in even a single battle. The new St. Thomas's Hospital, one of the largest of its kind, now approaching completion on the Surrey side of the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament, will, when finished, contain six hundred beds; but it would require considerably more than a hundred such institutions, each organised on an equally large scale, to accommodate only the more dangerously sick and wounded soldiers who are at present lingering hopelessly between life and death, in an atmosphere tainted with fever and pestilence. Hundreds are known to have perished from want of the simplest assistance on the battle-field. We hear of poor wretches, smitten down by bullets from Chassepots or needle-guns, or by terrific strokes from merciless sabres, lying for days together in the slimy ditches and little patches of woodland to which they had painfully dragged their shattered forms; of helpless sufferers dying by inches in the cold pelting rain, which mercilessly soaked their shivering and bleeding bodies; of sturdy, bronze-featured men experiencing for hours the terrible agonies of death, unrelieved by kindly care of nurse or surgeon, amid the crashing thunders of opposing artillery, the ceaseless clash of bayonets and swords, and the angry cries of exasperated combatants. It is sad, very sad, but what are we to do? Until one or both of the belligerents becomes exhausted it appears useless to breathe of peace. The battle is now being waged to the knife. The evil passions of both nations have become fully roused, and should the struggle continue, the carnage of the last few weeks will be as nothing compared with that yet to come. But, if we cannot successfully interpose to stay this most unchristian war, we can, at least, do something to mitigate its horrors. If we cannot arrest the course of each murderous weapon, we can assist in healing the wound inflicted by it. Prevention is better than cure, but cure is better than neglect.

The Geneva Convention of 1864, which originated in the humane desire to stay the terrible waste of life on modern battle-fields, a waste partly arising from the total insufficiency of most army medical staffs to meet the exigencies of a great engagement, resulted in the formation of the now well-known "Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War," an association which attracted scarcely any attention at the time, but which is now proving of immense service in mitigating the almost incredible amount of suffering and misery which inevitably follows every hotly-contested battle. How great is the need for such help as that afforded by the association was rendered but too apparent in the Crimea in 1854-55, in Italy in 1859, in Denmark in 1864, in Bohemia in 1866, and in the American war of 1861-65. Some of the figures which the society sets forth in its appeal are at once saddening and instructive. At Solferino there were nearly 42,000 killed and wounded, and the American campaign gave for six weeks a "butcher's bill" of 8,487 killed and 44,261 wounded. At Sadowa there were 20,000 in wounded alone, and three days and three nights had elapsed before they were removed from the field. After the battle of Gitschin, in the same campaign, the wounded men were left for forty-eight hours without nourishment of any kind, a horror which has been paralleled more than once during the last few weeks. No matter who are the sufferers, to what nation they belong, or under what flag they have been fighting; the moment they become disabled they have a claim on the assistance of the association. Nor is the work of mercy confined to this country. Similar societies have been formed in various parts of the Continent, and in America, all of which are in systematic correspondence with each other, the common badge being a red cross on a white ground, a device which is rapidly becoming everywhere recognised as the welcome symbol of mercy and loving-kindness. By acting in co-operation with each other, the various societies are enabled to properly utilise their means, and to afford the greatest amount of help where it is most wanted. But under such circumstances as the present, all the possible assistance which can be given by the united associations falls far—very far—short of what is actually required. Hence branch societies are being formed in all the leading towns of the country, for the purpose of obtaining further help, either in money or kind. In London a ladies' committee, in-

cluding the names of Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Mary of Teck, Miss Florence Nightingale, Lady Louisa Fielding, Lady Mary Herbert, and Mrs. Cardwell, has been organised with the view of collecting suitable material, and preparing it for use in such manner as may, from time to time, be suggested by the Central Committee. Englishwomen could not engage in a nobler or more useful labour than this, and it is both gratifying and encouraging to note the readiness with which large numbers of them, in almost every station of life, have assiduously devoted themselves to the praiseworthy labour of preparing articles required for the relief of the unfortunate victims of the war.

A visit to the central offices of the society, in St. Martin's-lane, will suffice to show the extent to which its operations are being carried on. Two or three empty houses, situated opposite the western end of King William-street, have been hastily converted into a kind of depot for the reception of articles intended for the use of the sick and wounded. There is little or no external display of any kind. A large white flag, bearing a red cross, floating from one of the windows, and a few bills, containing notices in English, French, and German, on the shutters of the different shops, form the sole indication of the use to which the buildings have been applied. But the numerous bales which encumber the pavement, the carts and wagons continually arriving and departing, tell their own tale. Inside the houses the story is more clear. Every room seems full of life and bustle. Here is an apartment filled with piles of linen, woollen, and other articles of under-clothing, flannel belts, pillows, bandages, old linen, and other useful articles, all of which are being assorted and packed, under the superintendence of Miss Verney, the daughter of Sir Harry Verney. In another chamber men and boys are continually making the packages into bales, each marked with the symbolical red cross, ready for sending away to France or Germany. In the committee-rooms on the first floor are to be found ladies and gentlemen of the highest position, actively concerting the best means of increasing and utilising the much-needed supplies. Early and late they are to be found at their post, never wearied, never complaining; but cheerfully and patiently assuming their share of the burden. All honour to them for this. They deserve and will receive the respect of all honest people. On the third floor the crowding and bustle become increased, for here are the offices of the secretary and his assistants. All day long the writing of letters, addressing of labels, and making entries in books, seems going on without a break. Then there are the numerous inquiries to be answered, especially respecting what articles are most useful. The list of these is a very lengthy one. Among surgical appliances the chief requisites are amputating instruments, bullet-extractors, forceps and tenacula, bone-nippers of various sizes and shapes, pocket-cases of instruments, syringes, tourniquets, spray-producers, splints of all sizes, lint, rollers of cotton, linen, or flannel, with the length marked upon each, waxed silk thread, air and water cushions, ice bags, waterproof sheeting, old silk, and clean linen bags. Of medicines, the most useful seem to be opium in all forms, morphia in pills, one quarter grain in each, put up in small bottles, each containing four dozen pills; laudanum, in 2 oz. bottles; liquor ammoniac, in 2 oz. bottles; sal volatile, in 8 oz. bottles; nitrate of silver, in cases; chloroform, 1 lb. in each bottle; hydrate of chloral, in 2 oz. bottles; carbolic acid, Condy's fluid, or permanganate of potash; chlorinated lime and soda; sulphate of quinia, in bulk or in pills, 2 grains in each, and put up in bottles, each containing four dozen; effervescing salines; oxide of zinc, and strapping. The medicines should be distinctly labelled in Latin and English, and the dose stated in each case. The most needed articles of food are concentrated meat essences of all kinds, Liebig's extract of meat, compressed and preserved vegetables, arrowroot, corn flour, coffee, cocoa, biscuits, condensed milk, syrups, and vinegar; also ale, stout, sherry, port (in pint bottles). The sundries include tin pannikins, for half-pint and one pint, made to fit into one another for convenience of packing; enamelled plates, dishes, and basins; spoons, zinc buckets, knives and forks, soap, pocket combs, hones for sharpening knives, hand-lanterns for use, with wax candles, pillow-cases, partly open at one end, and from 2 to 3 feet by 1½ feet, sheets, blankets, jerseys, drawers, socks, slippers, and hospital marquees, empty, or completely fitted out. Where goods in kind cannot be sent, money is, of course, acceptable. Already upwards of £50,000 has been subscribed, but a million would not suffice for the actual requirements. Next to pecuniary assistance and suitable articles, the great want is that of medical men having some knowledge of French or German.

Of these there is a scarcity. Assistants, who are able to speak one or both languages, would also be of service. In fact, there seems to be no limit to the various methods in which the people of this country may practically display their sympathy with the unhappy victims of this senseless and miserable war. But the help, no matter in which form, should be prompt. The sick and wounded cannot wait. While we are hesitating, they are dying. It is a case in which readiness adds value to the assistance given. The delay of a single day frequently signifies death to hundreds. Surely there will be no further need to urge the people of this country to do their best in the good work.

LORD HOBART ON DISARMAMENT.

The following letter appeared in the *Times* of the 2nd inst.:-

"Sir,—For more than thirty years after the French Revolutionary War, Europe enjoyed profound peace. War seemed to have become an obsolete barbarity; standing armaments pressed lightly on the taxpayer; the brains of ingenious men were no longer employed in the invention of machines for lacerating and blowing out of life their fellow-creatures; arms yielded to the toga; victories, indeed, there were, but they were those of such great commanders as Watt, Arkwright, and Crompton, and somehow the world seemed none the less happy. There were even those who, without fear of good-natured pity, could suggest that there was really no reason why this tranquillity should not continue; nothing in the nature of things or the scheme of creation which obliged men, even occasionally, to slaughter each other. More than thirty years, and then all was changed. A street riot in Paris brought misery again upon the world. France, always ungovernable when once she has kicked over the traces, took the bit between her teeth, and the result was the Empire which is peace. Since then we have had, in eighteen years, four great wars, in one of which England, at the instigation of France, took a prominent part, and two or three invitations to war, in which the inviter was France and the invited England. The dogs of war, let slip by the Empire which is peace, have, in fact, never fairly returned to their kennel since 1856. Bellicose propensities and bloated armaments have ever since ridden roughshod over reason and humanity. Peace has, indeed, commanded a certain conventional respect. She has been duly complimented in public journals, and spoken of with approval, not always unqualified, in the pulpit. Post-prandial orators, rising from a discussion of the comparative merits of the Chassepot and Snider, bewail her discomfiture with lachrymose eloquence. But in reality she has long been at a fearful discount. Of late, men can hardly be said to have shrunk from war as an evil in itself. Any one who has watched events must see that war has come to be considered the natural and necessary solution of important, and even of unimportant, international disputes. Nations no longer go to war only to avenge their own defeats, but also to avenge the defeats of others. They fight now to see which is the strongest, and, not liking to confess this, they invent pretexts which they admit are nothing more. Because your ambassador has not been invited to dinner; because you have been asked somewhat peremptorily to disapprove an international act which you allow is objectionable; because you think it for the good of other States that they should form part of your own—are among the *casus belli* now considered admissible. At the present moment, half Europe is doubting whether it will not fight because other nations are fighting, and specifying numberless "eventualities" in which it will draw the sword. Accordingly, the latter half of this nineteenth century has surpassed all its predecessors in murderous inventions. Rifles which "tear men to pieces like ribands"; mitrailleuses which sweep into eternity, with admirable precision, whole battalions at a time; hideous structures the inevitable result of whose conflict at sea must apparently be the destruction of both, and other similar appliances, are the result. "Whatever folly kings commit, common people are punished," of course; and this the tax-paying public, and, what is worse, the working man, whom want of employment drives into crime or the work-house, have found out to their bitter cost.

Now, what is the cause of this relapse into barbarism? Setting aside such minor items as Carlylism, muscular Christianity, and the like, it is attributable to one simple cause—enormous armaments in time of peace. The order of creation does not exclude from the scope of possibility permanent peace; what it does exclude is peace even for a few years, when every one is armed to the teeth against his neighbour. You cannot spend thirty millions a year on your army and navy—unless you are an Englishman, you cannot spend half as much—and never fight. The nation may love peace, but, on the other hand, the army and navy love war; and, what is more, the love of peace is sure gradually to yield to the reflection that you are paying for war. That this has been the case even in England is, if one compares the Englishman of 1870 with the Englishman of 1840, sufficiently clear. In less self-contained nations it is patent to the world. France and Prussia are now engaged in mutual slaughter chiefly because they possessed the means necessary for the purpose. Russia, Austria, and Italy are, for the same reason, ready at a word to join the dance of death. "If you wish for peace

prepare for war," is among the mischievous sophisms by which nations have been persuaded to persevere in the foolish game. "If you wish for war prepare for war," is not a sophism but a truism, and should be inscribed in letters of gold on the threshold of national assemblies and the palaces of kings.

There is but one way to a better order of things, and it is this: after the peace—disarmament. It is to be hoped that the carnage and horrors of the last few days will have turned men's minds irresistibly in that direction. Should this hope be disappointed there is everything to fear. The world cannot be expected to tolerate much longer the scandal of such frightful scenes and the burden of such wide-spread suffering. The Nemesis of homes laid desolate, of the fairest portions of the earth desecrated, of populations decimated and pauperised, to keep a dynasty on the throne, a Government in office, or a class in power, will come in a form little anticipated just now. Let Governments and governing classes be wise in time. They are doing their best to teach mankind that Peace can only pass where Liberty has gone before; and when once that lesson is thoroughly learnt, Liberty may come—as all must deprecate her coming—chained to the triumphal car of communistic anarchy.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Constantinople, August 19th.

HOBART.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

The War Office has issued a series of circulars containing the text of the new regulations for the Volunteer force. The main points of the new system are the establishment of schools of instruction for Volunteer officers at Woolwich, Chatham, Aldershot, Glasgow, London, and Manchester, and the issue of Snider breech-loaders to the rank and file, under stringent conditions to ensure the proper care and safe custody of the arms. Engineer officers will go to Chatham, artillery officers to Woolwich, and infantry officers either to London, Manchester, Glasgow, or Aldershot. Officers will be required to attend for one month, unless considered by the officer commanding the school to be qualified for certificates before the expiration of that period. While at the school they will receive an allowance of five shillings per day; and, if the requirements of the service permit, those who desire to stay longer will be allowed to do so at their own expense. Quarters will be assigned to officers, when practicable, with fuel and light, and, when quarters are not available, 2s. 3d. a day will be granted in lieu of fuel and light. Candidates for commissions in the reserve forces—for the regulations apply to the Militia as well as to the Volunteers—may be attached to the schools of instruction.

Officers and sergeants of Volunteers are to be encouraged in acquiring a thorough knowledge of their duties by a special capitation grant of fifty shillings for each one who obtains a certificate of proficiency in either of the following modes. Officers of engineers, artillery, and rifles can qualify by attending the schools of instruction; officers of light horse and rifles by being attached for a month to regiments of cavalry, infantry or militia. Officers of all arms may, however, if they prefer it, receive the necessary instruction to qualify for a certificate from the adjutant and sergeant instructors of their own battalion; and, when prepared, they will be examined by a field officer of the regular army, or by a board consisting of one certificated field officer of reserve forces and two adjutants. Sergeants will only be required to pass an examination by the adjutant of their own battalion. Officers holding certificates of competency will be allowed to have the letters *p* or *p s* put after their names in the Army List, showing whether they have passed at the head-quarters of their own corps, or at a school of instruction; while sergeants holding certificates may, with the permission of their commanding officer, wear a star embroidered on the sleeve above the chevrons.

The issue of Snider rifles will be commenced forthwith to Volunteer corps in the order of the percentage of efficiency of the 1st of December last. The arms so issued will be kept in the armouries of the corps, except in cases in which the commanding officers, by written permission, allow members to keep their rifles at their own homes. Arms thus left in possession of individual members will be subject to inspection at any time, and if any neglect is apparent the discretionary power granted to the commanding officer will be revoked. To ensure the proper care of the rifles in the battalion armouries, armourer-sergeants belonging to every corps will have to go through a course of instruction at the Royal Small-arms Establishment, Birmingham. There are a number of minor regulations for the preservation of the arms, the principal of which is that they shall all be sent to the Government factory once in two years for re-browning and examination.

FASHIONABLE MONSTROSITIES.—The milliners still continue their practice of twisting horrors into finery. Their advertisements, however, are useful as forming an epitome of the story of the war. The *Queen* advertises "Mitrailleuse, a perfectly new fabric, with endless wear," Drab Fritz, an autumn novelty," "Black silk at panic prices." The French novelties in dress are equally suggestive. "The Revolution Hat" and "The Vendean Hat" have, it seems, appeared simultaneously; these two hats must fight it out as best they can, the general favourite being the "Emigré bonnet." *Absit omen!*

THE WAR.

NOTES OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 855.)

The Communal Council of Brussels has voted a first sum of 100,000*fr.* in aid of the French and Prussian wounded, and has ordered several communal edifices to be set apart as hospitals. The King has given orders to prepare the Château of Ciergnon for the reception of the wounded.

The gunners of the Imperial navy, 7,000 to 8,000 in number, who are charged with manning the batteries in the eastern forts from St. Denis to Vincennes, have taken a solemn oath not to allow the enemy to enter the forts entrusted to their valour as long as one among them can stand up to fire a shot.

An officer related to Dr. Russell that at Sedan he saw a huge Prussian who had been lying with his hand to his side in mortal agony rise suddenly to his feet as he comprehended the reason of voices shouting for victory, utter a loud "Hurrah," wave his hands on high, and then, as the blood rushed from his wound, fall dead across a Frenchman.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary states that on Wednesday afternoon the Empress Eugénie received a despatch from the Emperor which was thus worded:—"Everything is going on admirably. All our plans are succeeding. I have no doubt of a brilliant victory." It is added that this despatch had not appeared in any French newspaper, but was nevertheless genuine.

Count Bismark-Böhlen, the Prussian Governor of Alsace, has issued a proclamation in which he promises to respect the religion, institutions, and customs of the country, to protect life and property, to maintain the existing laws, and to mitigate as much as possible the burdens of the war. To effect this object he appeals to the inhabitants for their confidence, submission, and co-operation.

General Bonin, the Governor-General of Lorraine, has issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of that province, in which, after quoting the proclamation of the King of Prussia of the 11th ult., he promises all peaceable citizens safety for their persons and property, and requires in return exact observance and obedience to his orders, both by the authorities and inhabitants. He adds that, in case of his orders being resisted, he shall take every means that lie in his power to assert his authority.

A letter from Berlin, of the 28th ult., says:—"Prince Edmund Radziwill, a son of the widowed Princess of Radziwill, joined the army some time since as field chaplain, and as such was present at the combats in front of Metz. It is now rumoured here that the prince, who exhibited a great amount of bravery, nay, almost recklessness, was taken prisoner by the French whilst exercising his spiritual capacity, and taken into Metz. This rumour is more than probable."

The fortunate composer of the now celebrated song, "Die Wacht am Rhein," who has received the gold medal from the Queen of Prussia, was specially honoured on the 28th ult. at Schmalkalde by being elected a citizen of the town. During the evening he was serenaded by the local "Liederkrans," accompanied by a torchlight procession. All the houses in the immediate neighbourhood were illuminated. Patriotic songs and addresses were freely tendered, and, after Herr Wilhelm had returned thanks, the procession retired, singing the "Wacht am Rhein," on their way to the town-hall.

THE 40,000 RIFLES CANARD.—Mr. Muntz, M.P. for Birmingham, writes to the *Times*:—"It was stated recently by Count de Pallikao in the Corps Législatif that 40,000 rifles had been sent from this country, and more had been contracted for. This statement having been commented on by several of your contemporaries, and rather bitterly by the German press, I thought it desirable to make inquiries on the subject, and the result is that I cannot hear of any rifles having been exported for France, certainly none from this town. [It now appears that the Count in his speech did not mention England at all, but only a foreign country.]"

A "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT SHOT.—Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, in a letter dated Donohery, Sept. 3, announces the death of Lieut.-Colonel Christopher P. Pemberton, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who was shot at the battle of Sedan:—"Colonel Walker, in reply to an inquiry, caused by a rumour I had heard, has written to say that the Crown Prince of Saxony had informed him that the *Times*' correspondent, Lieut.-Colonel Pemberton, was killed by his side during the battle by a bullet. I am so shocked and grieved, as will also be as many friends as a young man ever had when they hear it by this news, that only a sense of duty impels me to continue my narrative. Had he fallen for his country in battle it would have been some consolation to those he has left to mourn his fate. Cheerful, witty, full of life, spirit, and talent, he has met the death he, above all deaths, would have desired—a soldier's. 'Kit Pemberton dead!' I fancy how these words will fly through many an English home. I have written to the Crown Prince of Saxony, and will try to have his resting-place properly marked, or obtain some clue to its locality."

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA MAKING SHIFT AT GRAVELLOTTE.—The *Vossische Zeitung* describes the King of Prussia as sitting on the night of the battle of Gravelotte near a garden wall at Rezonville, waiting to hear the result of the battle. He had exposed himself for ten hours with his suite to a hot fire from the enemy, and up to 9.30 p.m. victory hung in suspense, for the French were making desperate efforts to break the Prussian lines. A ladder from a

peasant's cart had been converted into a seat for him, and by his side were Prince Charles (the father), the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Counts Bismark, Roon, and Dönhoff. Roon had taken off his helmet, and, contrary to his custom, was wearing a field cap. The King had his helmet on. Bismark was trying to read French letters, though very likely thinking of something quite different. All was very silent, and felt with the King that about this time the decisive tidings must arrive. Presently Moltke, much heated, rode up to the King:—"Your Majesty, we have conquered. The enemy is driven from all his positions." A vigorous hurrah from the bystanders was the response. Refreshments were now thought of; a sutler standing not far off was called up, and the party filled their flasks. The King drank out of a broken tulip-glass, while Bismark complacently munched a large piece of ammunition bread. The scene was so extraordinary that Günther has been commissioned by one of the bystanders to make this memorable moment the subject of a painting. According to another Berlin paper, some cutlets and quarters for the night were with great difficulty obtained for the King, and Count Bismark, after eating some unboiled eggs, which he broke with the hilt of his sword, went with his attendants to seek a lodging. Several houses at which he made inquiries were full of wounded. At one house where he received the same answer, he asked whether there was not some straw "up there," pointing to a gloomy window on the first floor; but that, too, he was assured, was full of the wounded. He insisted, however, on seeing the room, and discovered two empty beds, one of which he took, while the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg appropriated the other, and the American General Sheridan made himself comfortable on the floor.

THE EX-FOREIGN MINISTER OF FRANCE.—A private letter from Paris relates that the Duc de Gramont, who has been in the habit of spending his evenings at the Jockey Club, was lately asked there, "How he came to blunder into such a fatal war?" He replied, "I asked the Minister of War, Lebeuf, if he was ready, and he answered, 'Ready? Ay, and doubly ready!' Otherwise," added the Duc, "I should have taken care not to have counselled a war which there were twenty modes of averting."

HARDSHIPS OF THE WAR.—The correspondent of the *Times*, with the Crown Prince's army, in his last letter from Ligny on the 25th, has the following with respect to forced frugality:—"The people predict a famine, and indeed in truth it is almost impossible to procure food even by large payments. If the people can save anything they keep it for hard times, and if they have food to spare, they are unwilling to take Prussian paper, silver, or copper for it. If by any chance one gets a fowl, it has been so terrified by Bavarians and 'der feind' generally for a long time before its decease, that its carcass is almost a study in ornithological anatomy, and looks very like the mummies of the ibis found in Egyptian sanctuaries. Meat has always been 'just killed,' and belongs to veteran cows and bullocks and oxen worn out with the fatigues of war, and no longer fit for pedestrian exercise. My dear old *cure*, 'passing rich on 40*l.* a year,' a liberal statement almost, for his annual stipend is or was just 800*fr.* a year, is glad to have an egg for his dinner in addition to the thinnest *bouillon* and fruit from his little garden; and as to his stipend, why, of course, that is stopped for the time too; and for some fifteen or sixteen days no news from the outer world, except what we bring and brought, enters or has entered Ligny." The *cure* says, 'I have done with the things of the world, and yet I would like to hear how my poor parishioners, with whom I lived for seven-and-thirty years, are faring close at hand.' I forget when I last tasted butter, and I do not care how long it is before I taste it again; but one, without being an epicure, would wish for wine that was not vinegar, and bread that was not unbaked and cindery—'man's two first luxuries and his best,' as Mr. Sidonia thought. A change to a frugal but hospitable board at headquarters now and then in the week is very welcome, and although the banquet is brief and the dishes few, they are good."

THE PRUSSIAN COURT IN FRANCE.—When (says Dr. Russell) the King came in to Ligny yesterday (August 24), no doubt he recognised the town he visited so many years ago, for it has changed but little. The old castle of the Montmorencys, where Luxemburg was born in a stone *cachot* during a siege by the "damoiseaux" of Commercy; the houses where the allied Sovereigns lodged,—what reflections must have passed through his mind as he found himself, after a lapse of so many years, again in France—a Sovereign alone—the head of the German people, warring against another Napoleon! His Majesty looked in very good spirits, although he feels, and repeatedly laments, the dreadful losses which have occurred before Metz. As to Count Bismark, a few weeks—nay, days I should write—of campaigning have produced on him the effect of a draught from the fountain of youth. He wore the undress of a Major of Cuirassiers—great jackboots, dark frock, with yellow facings, and flat white cap with a band of the same; his eye is even keener and more "twinkly" than usual; his manner gayer and lighter. When the King had embraced his son affectionately, he walked with him apart, and conversed in the midst of the circle of officers before the Crown Prince's quarters for some time, while the great Count strode about among his friends, chatting and laughing cheerily, receiving their congratulations, shaking hands with the principal officers, and altogether giving the impression of one who was well satisfied with the present aspect of affairs about him. The Duke of Coburg and the various Princes,

Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Wurtemberg, Leopold of Hohenzollern, &c., in the Crown Prince's suite, were all recognised and spoken to by the King, who had brought with him a small Staff, among whom I failed to recognise Generals von Moltke and von Roon, though I was told they were present. The *cortège*, which was not gorgeous or imposing, was preceded by an infantry escort, consisting of a picked man from every regiment in the Prussian army, and a very splendid body it was—about 250 strong, I should think—every man young, straight, and six feet high. These passed through the town an hour before the King came, as the carriages were delayed on the road from Commercy by the Bavarian columns outside Ligny, and instead of arriving at eleven o'clock, did not come in till two o'clock. The King was in an open landau, drawn by four black horses. He was attended by Count Lucadou. He was followed by another open carriage, and Count Bismark came after a train of four or five open and shut carriages with Staff officers, the rear being escorted by a body of cavalry, also chosen from all regiments of the service. His Majesty started for Bar-le-Duc at four o'clock.

TELEGRAPHIC CROSS PURPOSES.—The correspondent of a contemporary quotes the following extract from a private letter of the 8th inst., from Mannheim:—"A somewhat comic scene amidst the grand tragedy of war was the capture of a French train with troops, effected through our Badish soldiers at Hagenau. After our army had taken possession of the latter place, and, of course, having replaced the French telegraphist by a German one, a telegram arrived from the Commander of Strasbourg, asking, 'Is everything safe, and may we send troops?' The Germans answered 'Yes'; when, an hour afterwards, a train arrived, with a thousand Frenchmen, at Hagenau, which, without giving them the trouble of getting out of the cars, was sent, together with the locomotive, their *matériel*, and everything, direct to Berlin."

AN AFFECTING EPISODE.—A touching letter, from his little daughter, was found in a dead French captain's hand on the field of battle, of which the following is a translation:—

My darling darling Papa,—Since you have left us, I have not ceased to think of you. I am so unhappy not being able to kiss you every morning; but I do hope that God will preserve your health; and that you will soon return and embrace your dear little daughter. I am so good; hoping that thereby I may somewhat soften dear mamma's sorrow for your absence. Adieu, dearly beloved papa. I kiss you tenderly. Thy little daughter who loves thee.

MARGUERITE.

SUNDAY IN THE GERMAN ARMY.—The correspondent of a Suabian paper thus describes a Sunday with the German troops:—"The news that the Sunday would be a day of rest excited great joy in the morning. The camp preachers immediately applied to the officers to allow the day of rest to be observed as a Sunday. An altar was erected before the village, and the 2nd Brigade assembled in Sunday uniform. General Obernitz with his staff attended, and took part in the Holy Communion, which followed the sermon. It was an elevating celebration. The two preachers stood on a green hill before the humble altar; uniforms and helmets glittered in the sun; the band played 'Ein feste Burg,' and the two ministers divided the service between them. French Catholics from a distance looked on with astonishment. Many of them afterwards said they now knew why the Prussians (as they term all the Germans) conquer. In Rozières the whole of the force sang 'Gott ist getreu,' and the sound of a German hymn in a foreign country was very striking. The Sunday was similarly observed by all the other brigades. The attendance of the soldiers is large, especially at the Communion, a proof that the ecclesiastical authorities were right in pressing for efficient spiritual provision for the troops. The four Evangelical ministers, however, are hardly sufficient to meet the demands made on them. A new spirit now prevails—an earnest, self-sacrificing temper, which overcomes all home sickness."

THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS AT GRAVELOTTE.—All the generals and staff officers were on horseback in front of the attacking party, and after a short time were either shot or had their horses killed under them. The enemy's fire was like a hailstorm of lead, extending over a distance of at least 1,500 paces in front of the hills. The noise it made perfectly drowned our commands, and the smoke rendered it impossible for our men to handle their weapons with anything like a chance of success. Yet the Guards never hesitated for a moment. On they went, strewing the ground with their dead and wounded, determined to conquer or to succumb. Long before we had reached the enemy our losses attained such tremendous proportions that the Prince of Wurtemberg, the commander of the Guards, gave orders to halt until the Saxons had made some impression on the right wing of the hostile position. This and another engagement of our artillery, who were again sent to the front and resumed operations against the solid masonry of the village, delayed our progress for some time. At last the village began to burn, and we had some hopes of being able to penetrate through the shower of missiles which were still falling as fast and thick as ever. At half-past six we resumed the charge. The enemy, though his flank had been turned by this time by the Saxons, still fought with desperate valour, and defended every single house in the place. Within fifteen minutes we dislodged him entirely, when his ranks suddenly broke, and the whole mass, which had made so long and obstinate a resistance, all at once fled in confusion towards Metz. But the cost of victory this time damped our joy in it. Nearly all the officers in our brigade were either dead or wounded.—*Letter from a Staff Officer.*

M. OLLIVIER ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.—M. Ollivier, according to a German paper, recently gave the following account of the circumstances under which war was declared:—"When the news of the Prince of Hohenzollern's renunciation arrived in Paris, the Ministers met at the Tuileries. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and the majority of the Cabinet determined, in consequence of this signal satisfaction, to take a conciliatory course. The Emperor, who, according to his custom, had till then kept silence, rose, and for a moment retired to a little distance. A pause ensued, and most of the Ministers also left their seats, in order to smoke a cigar and talk unconstrainedly in the anteroom. Only three stayed behind—Segris, Maurice Richard, and Lebœuf. The last was greatly excited when the votes were taken, and exclaimed in a desperate tone, as he rapped his knuckles on his desk, 'O mon Dieu! O mon Dieu!' The Minister of Fine Arts stepped up to him and said, 'Pray compose yourself, Marshal; we have to do with the first military Power of Europe. Are you quite prepared?' 'Are we prepared?' cried Lebœuf, jumping up like a tiger; 'prepared as France has never been and never will be again. Believe me, my dear colleague, if my respect for the Emperor did not restrain me I would not hold office an hour longer.' As these last words were pronounced, the Emperor with the other Ministers returned, and even he appeared more excited than the Ministers had ever seen him, but, as if wishing to conceal his feelings from his council, he merely remarked mildly that guarantees for the future must also be demanded of Prussia. An hour later it was decided that a *casus belli* should be made of this demand."

THE PRUSSIAN DANGER AHEAD.—The weather is abominable—cold and heavy rain, the worst enemy the Prussian army has got to contend against; and if the war is not definitely settled either one way or another, I cannot possibly see how the troops are to last against such violent exposure. Some of them have now slept for three weeks on the wet ground, in potato-fields or under hedges. They have no blankets—nothing but their cloaks, and, up till now, some straw. The scarcity of forage, however, denies them even this luxury. Disease is beginning to make itself felt, and it is hard to think that the survivors of Spicheren, Forbach, Courcelles, Vionville, and Gravelotte, should succumb to another enemy. Ever since the commencement of the campaign I have written upon this subject, and unless General Von Moltke can redress the evil speedily, he will find he has a severer enemy to contend against than the French.—*Letter from Pont-à-Mousson, Aug. 28.*

NOT ENEMIES BUT BROTHERS WHEN IN HOSPITAL.—The *Athenæum* Paris correspondent says:—"Touching and amusing hospital stories begin to be current; for instance, a Prussian and a Frenchman find themselves opposite to each other; both fire, and both are wounded. Presently they find themselves in two adjoining beds of an ambulance: the Frenchman was of Lorraine, and spoke a little German. Of course, talking soon commenced, and in an hour or two they were fast friends, and began planning the most amicable arrangements for 'after the war.' 'Ah!' said the German, 'if you knew what a fine grocery I have at Lidelberg! If you do not promise to come and spend a month with me when the campaign is over, I shall not believe in your friendship.' 'No, no,' was the reply; 'that cannot be till you have tasted the nice little Moselle wine that we make at home.'"

AFTER THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.—FRENCH LUXURY.—We passed the night (the 18th) on the battle-field, a good many of us sleeping in the tents which the enemy had left behind him when taking to a precipitate flight. Wonderful luxuries and comforts we discovered in the tents of the French officers. Beds and chairs and rockers and curtains, and carpets adorned the temporary abodes of these refined gentlemen. Even perfumery belonged to their indispensables, and there was certainly no want of looking-glasses. What a contrast to us, who sleep on the bare ground, our Generals lying down with the rest, whenever we cannot find shelter in a village. When we looked at the French tents and the numerous impedimenta contained in them, we quite understood why the French cannot march so rapidly as we do. But, to give them their due, they fought well while under cover. As long as they kept behind walls their conduct *était tout ce qui peut être désiré*. As to assuming the offensive and coming to close quarters, they never thought of it. They are brave soldiers, and slaughtered us in the most terrific style; yet there is no denying that they have lost the *élan* that formerly distinguished them, and place greater confidence in a ditch and a long-range gun than in anything else. The day after the battle was a most melancholy one. We spent it in burying the dead, and while we were heaping corpses upon corpses our bands played the old beautiful chorale, "Jesus meine Zuversicht." As we stood around the pits we had dug in the ground, and looked at the dead lying at our feet in silent rows, there were few among us who did not feel the tears coursing down their cheeks. No one that sits quietly at home and reads the reports from the battle-fields in the papers can have the faintest idea of what the horrors of war really are. Life and limb, treasure and property, alike melt away in the furnace of battle. Eternal disgrace to the infamous wretches that have conjured up all this misery. Towards nine o'clock our friends the Saxons passed the improvised cemetery. Cheerful and good-natured as ever, they marched to a spirited tune that broke strangely upon our ears. But they had awakened the musical propensities of some of our men, and hymns and national anthems filled the rest of the evening.—*Letter from a Prussian Staff Officer.*

A LAST VIEW OF THE EMPEROR ON FRENCH SOIL.—The Emperor of France, a prisoner of war, has just passed below my window through the main street of Donchery. It is raining in torrents, and a column of Wurtemberg troops coming in the opposite direction blocks up the way a little. The cortege is preceded by a troop of Black Hussars in full uniform and unclad. Then came a brougham with the Emperor. He wore a kepi and the undress uniform of a Lieutenant-General, with the star of the Legion of Honour on his breast. His face looked exceedingly worn—dark lines under his eyes, which were observant of what was passing around, for he saluted an Englishman who ran out to see him, and who raised his hat. By his side sat a French officer—I think Achille Murat—but who could look at any one but the one man, and it was only a glance any person with good feeling would care to give at such a moment even to him? The horses, all unconscious of the fallen estate of their master, were worthy of the Imperial stables. The two postillions were as smart as if they were in the Bois or en route for St. Cloud on a wet day. They and the two who sat behind wore long waterproof cloaks, glazed hats, and the Imperial cockade. As the brougham was stopped for a moment my courier caught a sight of His Majesty's face. "What a change," he says (even allowing for the lapse of years), "since the Prince Napoleon lodged in my house in London before he went to live in King-street!" He had his hand to his moustache, which had the well-known pointed and waxed ends, but there was no nervous twitching visible, and the emotion which shook him for a moment when he was speaking to the Crown Prince yesterday of the kind manner of the King had passed away. Then he brushed the tears from his eyes with the gloves he had in one hand, and was overcome for several seconds. After the brougham came a *char-à-banc*, with Normandy *percherons*, filled with French and Prussian officers together, mostly cloaked, with hoods drawn over kepis and caps. Among the latter were General Boyen and Prince of Limars, who are appointed to wait upon His Majesty. Some ten or eleven Imperial carriages, *char-à-bancs*, *fourgons*, with superb horses, filled with officers, followed, then some French officers on horseback, and after a long string of saddle and *renfort* horses, ridden by grooms, sixty or so in number, the rear being closed by a troop of the same Black Horse. I shall leave it to others to moralise on the spectacle. I shall not say a word about fallen greatness. Everyone will be ready with the trite saying, "No one cried 'God bless him!'" The French men and women who stood out in the rain certainly did not venture to show any sympathy or sorrow, if they felt any. The only sound was the tramp of horses and the inopportune jingling of the bells of the *char-à-banc* horses; but now and then a chorus was sung by the Wurtembergers trudging through the mud, celebrating the victory in which, so far as they are concerned, they had, they doubtless regret, little to do. The Emperor is on his way to Wilhelmshöhe, in Cassel—Schloss Napoleon, some say it has been called; and, as he expressed a wish not to be shown to his soldiers, the Prussian Government applied to the Belgian authorities for permission to pass him through their frontier with his guard and escort. As both countries agree, there seems no reason to object to the proposal.—*Dr. Russell in the Times.*

FRENCH PRISONERS AT NAMUR (BELGIUM).—The men we saw at Namur were principally of De Failly's corps. A strange and motley appearance they presented—Chasseurs, gunners, Zouaves, Turcos, Cuirassiers, and linesmen, all crammed higgledy-piggledy, like so many cattle, into the luggage-vans. Many of them looked jaded and depressed, and the torn and dirty state of their uniforms gave one some idea of what they had been going through. Some of them, however, seemed to relish their position very much indeed, and, supplied with wine and cigars by benevolent bystanders, were loud, racy, and eloquent in describing their adventures. Of course, the stale old story of betrayal cropped up; a considerable body of these men, having lost their way in the woods, had fallen in with a gentleman who announced himself as an English Colonel, and kindly volunteered to conduct them back to the French army. It need scarcely be added that the "Colonel" proved to be a Prussian spy, and brought them with all convenient speed through the Belgian lines, where they had to lay down their arms. One could not help suspecting, from the expression of not a few of the captives' countenances, that the "Colonel," if not altogether fabulous, was really looked upon as a benefactor, and that, at all events, to get away from weary marches and wet bivouacs, and perpetual defeats, and the haunting vision of the Uhlans, into the Beverloo camp, was not looked upon as a very undesirable transmutation. Meantime, of course, the "Colonel" was a *cochon*, and everything that was depraved and abominable. Further on, at the station of Grupont, we met with another large double-engined train, similarly freighted. The Turcos mustered very strong in this division, and among them, I am bound to say, were some of the most revoltingly hideous and ferocious human countenances I ever saw—huge faces, many of them jet-black, and with every variety of featural deformity. Women and children stared at them with evident awe and horror, and the notion of war and its horrors will no doubt be for ever associated in the children's minds with these hideous warriors. They looked sullen and puzzled, and may very likely prove troublesome to their temporary keepers. This division was from MacMahon's corps, and were taken, they said, the day before yesterday.—*Letter in the Times, Sept. 3.*

THE FRENCH VOLUNTEERS.—You must have heard

a good deal about the *francs tireurs*, the *corps francs*, and the volunteers, who are being organised for the defence of the country against the Germans. All these bodies bear some resemblance to each other, in that they are composed of men not liable to military service, who have in this emergency undertaken to perform military duties. Some of them are above the age at which they are liable to service in the army, and some I fancy below it. Some have already served their term, and are not at present liable to be called on again, while others are men who for various reasons are not liable to the conscription. How many of these corps have been called into existence in different parts of France, of what numbers they are composed, it is impossible for me to say, but where I have travelled lately I have found at least some traces of their organisation. Here there might be hundreds, there tens or scores, but everywhere some, and most of them, I am bound to say, stalwart, active, useful-looking men. Their uniforms and accoutrements are most diverse in style and character. Some as yet, indeed, have no uniforms, and but few accoutrements. A rifle and bayonet are their arms, and though no doubt they have ammunition somewhere, there is often no manifestation of the cartridge-pouch.—*Letter from Paris.*

A new volunteer corps is in course of formation, to be called the Paris Guerrillas. The dress is a tight-fitting light blue woollen garment, black trousers with a red band, and a felt hat with a feather.

PRUSSIAN REQUISITIONS ON THE FRENCH VILLAGES.—This morning I had an opportunity of judging *de visu* the working of the system of "requisitions" for supplies of food for man and beast. As I was dressing and wondering whether I should be able to obtain any breakfast for love or money in this wretched village, a lieutenant whom I travelled with yesterday came into my room and asked me if I would be kind enough to act as his interpreter, as his French was very limited. He wanted hay and corn for his horses, and food for his men. We started off as soon as I was dressed, and I quickly found that my lieutenant had a very good nose for provisions. The first few Frenchmen I spoke to all swore that they had no hay, but the "provident lieutenant" was not to be denied. He clambered into lofts and poked his nose into the most unlikely places. At last he caught sight through a crack in the wall of a quantity of oats in a granary next door. Downstairs, or rather down ladders, he went as if charging the French. We soon found the door leading to the newly discovered treasures. Of course the key had "lost itself." "Very well," said the lieutenant, "tell them the key had better find itself quick, or I will have the door down. Fritz, get a hatchet." Suddenly as I turned this speech into my best French the key fell out of the proprietor's pocket, and in five minutes more the oats were being carried off for our hungry horses. The lieutenant wrote a receipt on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, and then proceeded to hunt again; presently he found a sack of peas. Without any questions he wrote a receipt for the two, and handed it to the indignant proprietor. "Tell him it will all be paid for at the end of the war," he said, and we went on to get half a dozen chickens for ourselves. These we paid for in ready money, it being too small a matter to give a cheque for.—*Letter from Clermont.*

THE EMPEROR IN THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.—The *Times* special correspondent with the Crown Prince mentions a report he heard from the Bavarians that the Emperor, declaring that he only served as a private soldier, went with an attacking column, composed of the remnants of various regiments, to drive out the Bavarians from Balan. But the artillery on the heights above the river, and the cross fire from the heights above the road, were too much for troops shaken by incessant fighting and frightful losses. Shell and shot rained fast about the Emperor, one of the former bursting close to him and enveloping him in its smoke. The officers around entreated him to retire, and the Bavarians, quickly following, occupied Balan, and engaged the French on the glacis of the fort.

THE EXPELLED GERMANS.—The number of Germans that have arrived at Brussels from Paris during the last eight days is estimated at 13,000. Several boarding-houses have sent here all their *employés*, and one of the greatest, M. Emile Erlanger's, has already opened at Brussels a branch of the Parisian house. A Berlin letter says:—"The German workmen expelled from Paris, besides being promptly relieved, as many as needed assistance, are eagerly sought for by manufacturers and shopkeepers. They are mostly skilled hands, and, numbered by thousands, may sensibly contribute to improve the quality of sundry articles in which Germany has been hitherto unable to compete with France. It was much the same after the abolition of the Edict of Nantes, when thousands of banished French Protestants fled to Germany, to the lasting benefit of her industry."

ANOTHER PARIS ROMANCE DEMOLISHED.—The Count and Countess de Leusse were reported to have been killed by the Prussians whilst defending their chateau, near the battle-field of Woerth. Now the fact is that the chateau was not defended, and that the count and countess were not killed. On the contrary, their mansion was used for the reception of the wounded, and they were so active in this good work that the Crown Prince called on them to express his thanks.—*Letter in Daily News.*

A TRAIN ATTACKED.—The Paris papers describe an attack made on a train from Troyes to Paris. Shortly after it had left Payns five Uhlans emerged from a thicket, and five shots were fired at the driver, but missed him. The train was full of women and children, who were being sent into the provinces

free from the invader, and tears and cries rent the air. The driver immediately backed the train, and mounting on the top of a carriage, waved a red flag in order that the officials at Troyes might offer no obstacle to its progress. On its return to that town the *rappel* was beaten, the firemen assembled, and preparations were made for an attack, but nothing more was seen of the Uhlans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Large numbers of French people land at Dover daily.

The Orleans Princes have left Brussels for Paris to offer their services to the Republican Government.

General Fleury has resigned his post as French Ambassador at the Russian Court. The French Military Attaché has left St. Petersburg.

An Athens telegram announces that, on the proposal of England, Greece, by a convention similar to that between England, Austria, Russia, Spain, and Italy, has agreed to preserve neutrality during the war.

The Prussians have just driven the poor old Baroness de Reumont from her chateau for the third time. They first forced her to fly in '92, then again in 1814, and now at the age of ninety-four she is once more obliged to abandon her home.

The French Government, in anticipation of a likely failure of the supply of milk to the hospitals, have entered into a contract with Messrs. Croese and Blackwell for a large supply of Newham's condensed milk.

A Paris correspondent telegraphs that the Rue Dix Décembre has been rechristened. It is now called the Rue Quatre Septembre. The Avenue de l'Empereur is henceforth to be known as the Rue Victor Noir.

A correspondent of the *Times* has heard from Munich that Joseph Mair, who took the part of the Christus in the "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau, has not gone to the war, and that in all probability the play will be performed again next summer. Mair is at present going through his term of service in the military depot at Munich. The other principal performers (excepting St. John) are too old to serve.

There are a large number of governesses, servants, and poor English in Paris, of most respectable character, who, for want of means, are unable to return home. The Governor of Paris has given notice that all persons who cannot provide for themselves must leave the city. The Hon. Alan Percy Herbert is the honorary secretary and treasurer of a committee formed to assist these destitute English.

The *Opinions Nationales* states that the work of placing in safety the enormous artistic wealth contained in the Louvre is nearly completed. Three-fourths of the pictures hitherto exhibited in the Museum of the Louvre have been carefully packed up and sent off from Paris to an unknown destination. There now no longer remain any but pictures of the French school.

It is stated that agents are in treaty on behalf of the ex-Emperor of the French for Brasted Park, Kent, some two miles from Sevenoaks, and eight from Tanbridge Wells, which is supposed to possess a special cure for the malady under which the dethroned monarch suffers. Louis Napoleon occupied the mansion for the two years immediately preceding his attempt upon Boulogne, for which he suffered imprisonment at Ham.

THE GERMAN ARMIES IN FRANCE.—The *Kriegs Zeitung*, of Berlin, has been allowed to break through the veil, and gives the positions of the *corps d'armée*. The Red Prince is encamped around Metz and Bazaine with seven corps, or 270,000 men; the Saxon Crown Prince won a battle at Carignan with two corps and the Guard, or 95,000 men; there are 60,000 men round Strasbourg; and there is the Crown Prince, whose army, joined as it was by the King, cannot be under seven corps, or 210,000 more. This calculation, which is certainly correct if Germany has really filled up losses by sickness as well as battle, gives a total of 570,000 men actually in France—less by 70,000 than the Germans claim.—*Spectator.*

THE COUNTESS DE GASPARI'S APPEAL FOR PEACE.—The Countess has sent to the *Times* her appeal, of which the following is a translation:—"Women of France and Germany! The most unknown of your sisters cries unto you. Your patriotic tenderness comforts millions of wounded. We can do better. Let us arise; let us throw our hearts and our prayers between the two nations who are slaughtering each other. Antiquity shows us Pagan women who have with open arms separated combatants. We, Christians, shall we do less? More massacres! More mutilated bodies! More torn hearts! More generations mown down! The earth is drunk with the blood of our sons. Women of all countries, extend to us your hands across all frontiers. Let us constrain the nations to mutual love who are now killing, but who do not hate one another. If we, mothers, wives, betrothed, and sisters of France and Germany, wish for peace, there will be peace. In the name of God, let us arise; let us unite; let us win this battle! This will be the grand victory of 1870.—COUNTESS DE GASPARI."

M. GUIZOT ON THE WAR.—The *Daily News* gives the translation of a letter which M. Guizot has addressed to an English friend in this country. It was, of course, written before the Revolution:—"Be sure (he says) that France will never accept the character and consequences which Prussia desires to give to the war. Because of our first reverses we have our national honour to preserve, and because of the claims of Prussia we have to defend and keep our national territory. We will maintain these two causes at any price and to the very end. And let me tell you, and that without presumption, that being so resolute as we are, we are not seriously un-

easy as to the result of this struggle. At the very beginning the Prussians made an immense effort; there is another effort yet to be made; it is on our part, and it has, as yet, scarcely begun. We were greatly to blame that we were not better prepared at first, but with all our shortcomings we have seen what our troops are worth, and this will be seen and felt more and more, as time goes on. We are superior to the Prussians in men, money, and territory, and we will equal them in perseverance; even should they persevere, as if they will need to do, if their projects are to have any chance of success. The age is with us, and we will not fail the age."

EXCITEMENT OF THE FRENCH IN LONDON.—The news from the seat of war which was published on Saturday afternoon and Sunday caused the greatest excitement amongst the French inhabitants of the metropolis. In those quarters in which they principally reside exhibitions of deep indignation took place. Nearly the whole of the workshops where they are usually employed were on Saturday deserted, and dozens of Frenchmen met together in the streets and taverns, indulging in deep threats of vengeance against those whom they consider to have brought deep degradation upon their country. In the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where numbers of Frenchmen and other foreigners reside, groups were to be seen talking together over the news, some gesticulating furiously, others evidently exulting. In the neighbourhood of Tichfield-street, Gerrard-street, Newport-market, &c., precautions were taken to prevent any collision between the French and the Germans. Never during the lifetime of the present generation has so much excitement been witnessed in London.

THE COST OF WAR IN 1815 AND 1870.—The *Cologne Gazette* publishes some curious statistics showing the losses in dead and wounded in the battles of 1813 and 1814, from which it appears that war was quite as destructive then as it is now. At the battle of Lutzen (May 2, 1813), in which 96,000 Russians and Prussians, with 524 guns, were engaged with 120,000 Frenchmen, with 250 guns, the Allies lost 10,000 men, and the French 15,000. At the battle of Bautzen (May 20, 1813), 96,000 Russians and Prussians fought against 130,000 Frenchmen. The losses were 18,000 men (including 6,000 wounded) on the side of the Allies, and 8,000 dead and 17,000 wounded on the side of the French, who were the victors. In the battle of Dresden (August 26 and 27, 1813), there were 300,000 Austrians, Russians, and Prussians against 100,000 Frenchmen. The Allies lost on this occasion 15,000 dead and wounded, and 23,000 prisoners. In the battle of Leipsic 300,000 Allies, with 1,384 guns, fought against Napoleon with 171,000 men and 700 guns. On the first day of the battle (October 16, 1813), the regiments engaged lost upwards of one-half of their men. The 7th Landwehr regiment of Silesia was reduced from 1,800 to 160 men; and on the three following days the Allied army lost 45,000 men. The losses of the French were 15,000 dead and 15,000 wounded. Summing up the losses of the whole campaign, we find that Napoleon lost in Russia 500,000 men; in Germany, up to the armistice of the 4th of June, 1813, about 40,000 men; in the battles which ended with Leipsic, 150,000 men; and 100,000 in the campaign of 1814, which, with the losses of 1815, make a total loss of nearly a million of men before Napoleon was subdued. The losses of the Allies during the same period were only 100,000 men less.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

VON MOLTKE AND THE FRENCH OFFICER.—A Lyons paper relates an interesting conversation which, the writer says, took place not long ago between General von Moltke and a French officer sent on a mission to Berlin:—"Do not talk to me of your military education in Algeria (said the Prussian commander). If you have never been there so much the better. You will be glad of it when you become a general. The operations which you have been carrying on for forty years against the Arabs is only guerilla warfare of an inferior order, with no skilful marches, feints, or countermarches, and rarely any surprises. With that school you do nothing but form other schools like it. The first great war will demonstrate your inefficiency, and were I not in presence of a man of your merit, sir, I should not hesitate to laugh at your ignorance of the trade to which you devote yourselves. Among you—do not deny it—a pioneer is a ridiculous person. Here the most conscientious studies are the order of the day, and the lowest captain knows as much as the most brilliant of your staff officers. Have you even a superficial smattering of the elements of the military art on leaving your special schools? I am tempted to doubt it. Now, come (continued General von Moltke, taking the other by the hand), I wager that you don't know the most valuable piece of furniture for the garrison quarters of an officer." General von Moltke led the French officer into a small bedchamber, well suited for a lieutenant—a small bed, three straw chairs, bookshelves from floor to ceiling, and in the middle of the room a black wooden board on an easel. "It is with that we beat our enemies every morning," said the old tactician who was destined to give General Frossard, the military instructor of the Prince Imperial, so severe a lesson. "For drawings here is all we require," said Moltke, exhibiting some geographical maps.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The Shah of Persia is expected at Constantinople soon with a retinue of 6,000 persons.

The King of Denmark has issued a proclamation convoking the ordinary session of the Diet for the 3rd of October.

Fires have occurred at Samsun, destroying 2,500 houses, including six churches. At Yenidje, in Macedonia, fires have also occurred, destroying eighty-five houses.

The Greek Government have agreed to pay some compensation to the widow of Mr. Lloyd, but the sum is not determined on. They have refused to allow an Italian official to be present at the inquiry.

THE OLLIVIER FAMILY.—M. Ollivier's brother, Adolphe, was lately attacked with mental alienation at Turin, in the Hotel de l'Europe, where he was residing. M. Emile and his wife went to take him away, but it was settled that the patient should remain to be attended to by Dr. Bonaeglia.

SPAIN.—The Carlists are defeated, but the Government has nevertheless resolved to call out the reserves, considering the events in France. It is rumoured that the Cortes will assemble on the 15th inst. The events in France have caused a great sensation. The Liberal Press advises the people to remain quiet. The Regent has arrived at Madrid.

DISQUIETING NEWS FROM INDIA.—A Calcutta telegram of Sept. 2, says:—"A vague panic exists among Europeans and Bengalees in Allahabad. The Fourth Native Infantry is the cause of apprehension. General Vaughan has brought more troops from Cawnpore, and the magistrate has issued a circular reassuring the residents. The panic is believed to be unfounded, but there are many bad characters in Allahabad. The authorities are taking many precautionary measures. The Indian Government perseveres in retaining the income-tax for the present."

THE INTER-COLONIAL AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE.—It is reported that the Melbourne Conference held in June, representing most of the Australian colonies, had been attended with useful results. The subjects of agreement were telegraphic and postal charges; ocean, postal, and passenger service; withdrawal of troops; arrest of absconding debtors; disposal of worn and defaced coinage; adoption of the cental system of weights; and the calling of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers at a South Australian port. No agreement had been arrived at for any policy of common action as regards a Customs' union, but the conference was unanimous in opinion that the protectorate of the Fijis should be assumed by the British Government. "Some time," it is remarked, "may elapse before realising the full benefits of the Conference, but it is hoped that the work of confederation has commenced."

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION seems to have proved a complete success. The troops entered Fort Garry unopposed on the 24th of August. Riel ran away, so that no difficulty arose as regarded him or his Government. The affair having been thus peaceably arranged, and the expedition having been welcomed by the inhabitants, there was no necessity for the continued presence of the regular troops. Accordingly they started on their return journey on the 29th of August. The Canadian troops may be expected to remain at Fort Garry for the present, to ensure the peace of the settlement. The country through which the expedition passed, from Lake Superior to Red River, is difficult in the extreme. Warrants for the arrest of Riel and others have been applied for by private persons, and it is expected that they will try to escape from the settlement. James Ross, Riel's Chief Justice, had previously fled, and has already arrived in Canada.

NEW ZEALAND.—The news brought from New Zealand by the overland mail is of a decidedly pacific character. Te Kooti, with a remnant of his former band, is still supposed to be hiding in the impenetrable bush in the neighbourhood of Waioeka, but the desertion of his followers, his want of ammunition, and the discouraging effect his recent reverses have had upon him, have rendered him almost powerless. The Uriwera natives have been reduced to subjection, and are not likely to occasion any further trouble. The negotiations which have been carried on between Mr. MacLean, the Defence Minister, and the King party are likely to lead to the establishment of friendly relations between the latter and the Colonial Government. The King is stated to be very desirous that nothing should be done to cause further hostilities, and with reference to Te Kooti has been heard to remark that so long as he remained quiet, well and good, but that if he ever rose up again to fight they would put him down by force. The Governor had presented Majors Kemp, Ropata, and Morgan, the native commanders, with swords of honour sent them by the Queen. The swords were splendidly mounted with silver, and bore the following inscription:—"Given to (the name), by Queen Victoria, for his unflinching loyalty and valour. May you long live to wear it in health and honour." Mrs. Fox, the wife of the Premier, buckled on the swords. Some forty of the Maori prisoners have been tried for high treason, and sentenced to death. They were told, however, that the sentence would not be carried out, but that the Government would award them their punishments.

TRANSFER OF THE ITALIAN CAPITAL TO ROME.—The *Italian Gazette* of August 29 announces that in one of the latest Councils of Ministers held at Florence, it was decided that the immediate and material transfer of the Government from this provisional capital to Rome shall take place before the end of September next. The Florence correspondent of the *Daily News* says that the event came upon that city like a thunderbolt. "The fact (he adds) is that, unless this Roman question is solved as soon as possible one may fairly expect the most lamentable consequences. It is perfectly true that the Italian Government has at its command at the present moment a large and faithful army, who would not even refuse to check, with the use of arms, internal commotions. But what the Government aims at, and what it ardently desires, is to present itself

before a European Congress with an authoritative power; and this will never be if, whilst proclaiming European peace before a green table, the Ministers of King Victor Emmanuel shall contemporaneously be obliged to shoot down Italian citizens in every part of the Peninsula because of the Roman question. I fully comprehend that the question is a hard and difficult one to solve. But I am sure that the thing will be rendered much easier when personal interests and petty considerations shall be less considered, and great and dominant principles more respected. There is no doubt that within the last few days there has been a marked relaxation of business in the Florence Municipality, and that many of the projected works have of a sudden been laid aside in the expectation of impending events. I really pity all those who have laid out such enormous sums of money for embellishing Florence. It will be a dreadful blow to landowners and proprietors, far greater than it was for the Turinese."

A DIFFICULTY WITH MADAGASCAR.—We learn from a recent batch of official papers on the East African slave-trade that Commander Meara paid a visit to the island of Madagascar in search of slaves. He landed at Mojanga, on the west coast of the island. There was no breach of etiquette in his case such as that which was committed at Rangoon. On the contrary, the captain thrice dined with the Governor, and also had the honour of dancing with the ladies of the Court. Finding, however, that several negroes had been landed from Mozambique, he burnt the dhows which had brought them to the Malagasy shore, and demanded their surrender. The Governor was very civil. He did not deny the fact that slaves had been landed, but pleaded that the matter was one which it was necessary to refer to the Government at Antananarivo. This fired up Commander Meara, who threatened that if they were not given up by a certain hour "he would do what he ought to do, even if he had to fight." And after returning to his ship he straightway fired off a gun, loaded with ball, but without doing any injury. On the following day he reappeared and carried away with him a number of slaves who, it appears, were the hereditary property of the Queen of Madagascar. The Malagasy Government, through the mouth of its Chief Secretary—from whom we take the story—loudly complained of this proceeding as a breach of the treaty, and Consul Pakenham is evidently of the same opinion. How can British officers expect treaties to be observed by semi-civilised races if they set the example of breaking them? The truth is that one act of oppression or unnecessary violence, even when committed in a good cause, immensely weakens the moral influence of England. This is apparently the view of the Admiralty; for the new regulations which have been signed by Mr. Vernon Lushington—a name historically identified with the cause of Africa—expressly prohibit the use of unlawful means even for the attainment of so beneficent an object as the extirpation of the slave-trade. That trade can be most effectually suppressed by cordial co-operation with native governments like those of Madagascar and Zanzibar.—*The Echo*.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

The China papers contain ample evidence of the uneasy feeling which prevails among the foreign residents at the various ports in consequence of the apprehension that the late massacre at Tientsin may be followed by similar outrages in other places. Volunteer corps for local defence have been formed at Shanghai and Chefoo. At Peking some sinister rumours are stated to have been current immediately after the massacre at Tientsin, but the appearance of an Imperial edict ordering an investigation into the outrage had a great effect in allaying public anxiety. There is said to be a deep-rooted superstition among the Pekinese that the fact of the spires of Pe-tang (Catholic Church) being higher than the Imperial palace and all the temples, draws away the luck from the Chinese to foreigners, and is a great cause of drought and famine. This idea is said to have gained a certain currency in the neighbouring provinces, and, it is added, "the populace of Peking, though free from any ill-feeling against foreigners, might easily be excited to commit atrocities by a judicious use being made of these superstitions by the authorities." The Chinese Government has appointed Chung-how, the official at Tientsin who is not without suspicion of having connived at the late outbreak, ambassador to France, for the purpose of apologising for the massacre. The *North China Herald* says:—"Great uneasiness still prevails in Tientsin, though the arrival of H.B.M. ships *Dwarf* and *Avon*, and of H.B.M. *Flamm*, had aided to restore partial confidence. The Viceroy, Tseng-kwo-fun, had not yet obeyed the Imperial order to visit Tientsin, and investigate the circumstances of the massacre, but his arrival was daily expected. Ill health was said to be his excuse for delay. Tacit sympathy with the crime was, however, also named as a possible motive. Mr. Meadows was the only foreigner who had been into the city since the outbreak, and he had passed through unmolested; but it was generally believed that his official connection with the Arsenal had secured for him this privilege; and no confidence was created by his experience. It is said further that a vessel in coming down the river saw men employed in strengthening the forts; and people on the river were calling out *Ta Ta*, and making signs across their throats. It is evident, therefore, that the excitement has not yet subsided, though it may be hoped that there is no immediate danger of further outbreak."

The grain ships on passage appear to increase weekly, and they now number over 840.

Literature.

CHRISTIAN WORK ON THE
BATTLE-FIELD.*

In Dr. Russell's letter to the *Times* of yesterday there occur two incidental references to the work of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War. Standing on the battle-field near Sedan, he says that the "white flag and red cross floated all round; but it needed not that to tell there were victims of the fight here, for pale faces and bandaged limbs were at every doorway and window." Then he tells how the assaults were made, and, in the midst of his narrative, says:—"It was startling to be addressed, just as I was leaving this part of the position, by an English voice. There stood the speaker—not of the House of Commons, but a member of it—Mr. Winterbotham, with the Johannite badge upon his arm, much interested in what he saw for the first time—a battle-field, and not able, I fear, to do much in the way of aiding the wounded, but full of zeal."

These are very slight incidents of the most recent action of Christian work on the last battle-field. All the incidents of such work can never be told. What we can do is simply to sit down and try to imagine them, and having done so, to attempt, in one way or another, something for ourselves. Unhappily, however, imagination falls short of reality in its enterprise into the region of human pain. Did we say "unhappily"? No,—happily! If any of us could realise all the suffering that takes place in the world, it would be almost impossible for man to exist. The mental pain caused by the perfect imagination of what is taking place every day around us, would be enough to kill any ordinary human being. But we are so constituted that our sympathies are limited in their breadth as well as in their intensity. Only One ever existed who could realise the extent of human sin and suffering, and the realisation killed even Him.

Such books as the one before us help us, however, in the way of both exciting and extending our sympathies. In a literary sense, the book is not worth much. Its most original section, on the Influence of Christianity upon War, is, for the most part, a hash-up of second-hand materials to be found in cyclopædias and dictionaries. A little diligence, a good pair of scissors, and a large quantity of paste, would enable any one to do the remaining chapters. The most that can be said in favour of the book, as a book, is that its purpose is good, that some industry and activity have been shown in the editing, or rather sub-editing, of certain portions of it, and that, on the whole, good judgment has been used in the selection of materials. The compiler has no style whatever, and therefore we are saved the trouble of criticising it.

Yet, as it is often found that a man of very mediocre ability will do a superior work to that performed by a man of comparatively eminent ability, so we find, in this case, that an evidently inferior book-maker can do, in a moral sense, very superior moral work. With a pile of dictionaries before him, especially "Smiths" of all kinds, the anonymous compiler of this book has produced a very fair second-hand essay upon the Influence of Christianity upon War. It is nearly all quotation, but the quotations are good, and show good judgment in their selection. Especially well is the leading idea kept in view and illustrated—viz., that until Christianity came there was very little of what may be termed humanity. The compiler passes in review the passages in some portions of the Old Testament relating to war, and then gives nearly all that is known concerning the treatment of the wounded by the old classical nations. Next modern warfare is illustrated. This, as well as everything else, is nearly all quotation; but the quotations are good, and the industry indicated in their selection very admirable. It is not fully comprehensive, however, for, as relating to our own history, the author has omitted the significant action taken by the Quakers in the Rebellion of 1745, which we imagine to have been the first in our own history, showing a really Christian care of soldiers. However, the narrative, as a whole, is readable, and traces, in clear lines, the growth of humanity with the growth of Christianity. The highest growth of the latter, and therefore of the former, has been seen in America, where, as far back as Washington's time, Christian people organised themselves for the help of

the wounded and the suffering. No organisations of a similar kind existed during the succeeding continental war, proving conclusively, to our own mind, that a bastard religion, or no religion, is inconsistent with the practice of the highest human virtues. Then came, as the next remarkable instance, the mission of Miss Nightingale to the Crimea, at a time when England had nearly attained the standard achieved by the Puritan States of America seventy years before. After this we have the grand history of the Christian Commission of the United States during the recent war, which, we are happy to know, gave to Englishmen the idea of the present National Aid Society.

We have noticed in these columns more than once, the literary memorials by the United States Christian Commission. There is very little, and nothing of value that is new, in information with regard to the labour that Commission in this book. It is so far, a tale that has been "twice told," but although it has been twice told, we are afraid that it has neither been heard or read. Now, the shape in which it is presented in this book, is such as to make it thoroughly interesting reading. The compiler, as we have already said, has good judgment. He has not merely that; he has some art in the selection of his materials. The result is that the interest in his narrative increases as the reader goes on, while the moral effect is, at the same time, equally enhanced.

The reading of such a work as this during the present Continental War must have a wholesome effect in two ways. We realise more of the human suffering occasioned by war than we should otherwise do, and, at the same time, we find how possible it is to alleviate that suffering. We all grow from previous growth, and the history of the present follows inevitably from the history of the past. But it should nevertheless be gratifying to all Englishmen that the first society for giving aid to other nations originated in this country, and that here, Christianity has in this matter received its, as yet, most perfect illustration, inasmuch as we are now doing to others as we would be done by—without having that high and blessed duty first performed towards ourselves.

BRIEF NOTICE.

Daybreak in Spain; or Sketches of Spain and its New Reformation. A Tour of Two Months. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. (Cassell and Co.) About one half of this book relates to the religious condition of Spain, the remaining half is devoted to such a description of the incidents of travel as one would naturally look for from a traveller who is at once a preacher and an author. Most readers know already something of the history of Spain, and of the features of the country, and we are not at all sure that a large proportion of Dr. Wylie's readers who look for information will have the patience to follow all his wanderings; still less will they be edified by his rhetorical flights. The book, however, is one which deserves a warm welcome for the tidings it bears. Dr. Wylie visited Spain with a view of learning what progress the Reformed religion was making there. To his own observations he adds an occasional extract from the reports of one and another of the evangelistic agencies at work in Spain, and the facts so recorded are full of encouragement. The narrative of Protestant mission work in Spain gathers additional interest at the present time from the state of affairs on the Continent. France is now like Spain, without a monarch; the Pope has declared his infallibility and events declare his impotency. The nations are gaining, one after another, political and religious freedom—what is to follow—will Spain too at last embrace the pure faith of the Gospel and recover a foremost place among the nations of the Continent? Dr. Wylie gives the following interesting account of a Protestant service which he attended last year in Madrid:—

"The day following our arrival in Madrid was the Sabbath. We worshipped, of course, with the Protestant congregation in the Calle de la Madera. We were told to be early there, otherwise we might find it impossible to get in. We arrived half an hour before the time fixed for the commencement of the service. The place of meeting was already all but full; and in a few minutes more it was completely so. We had time to take note of the assembly, which, every moment, was getting more densely crowded. Knowing how devout generally are the worshippers in the Popish cathedrals of the continent—hurrying in, as is usually the case, from market, basket on arm, dipping their finger in the basin, kneeling hastily on the floor, crossing themselves, counting a few beads, and then snatching up their basket, which contains the day's provisions, and hurrying away home—we expected to find something of the same air about the worshippers in the chapel in the Calle de la Madera. We saw nothing of the sort, however. There was a hush over the assembly. The preachers had not entered, and nothing was going on, yet it seemed as if the worship had already commenced; and so, indeed, it had in spirit, and the very silence and awe in which the crowd sat, neither whispering to one another, nor crossing themselves, nor gazing on picture or image, was itself a lesson to the Spaniards, on what in all Popish countries is a forgotten truth—the spirituality of worship, and the fact that devotion is an affair, not of the body, but of the mind. We thought we could point out

those who were present that morning for the first time. They looked eagerly all round the building on entering, as if their eyes were searching for something, and when they could not find it, they sat down in silence with the others. How one can worship what one does not see, is more than the Spaniard can understand, at least till he has been once or twice to the Calle de la Madera, or some other Protestant chapel."

"At the hour fixed Senor Carasco entered, and took his place in a small desk edged with blue, which was placed at the extremity of the hall, and raised a foot or so above the level of the audience. He was attired in the time-honoured fashion of Geneva gown and bands. This is not a sacerdotal but an academic dress, having been that universally worn by learned and professional men three centuries ago. Senor Carasco is a Spaniard, to whom Providence sent a blessing in the guise of a calamity. Compelling him to flee from his native land, it opened to him the opportunity of studying theology at Lausanne and Geneva. He returned to Spain only a few weeks after the Queen's flight, and began preaching in Madrid immediately on his arrival. His first sermon was preached on the 15th of November, 1868, to an audience of thirteen persons. We were present on the first Sabbath of October, 1869, when hardly eleven months had elapsed of Senor Carasco's ministry, and we found more hundreds than formerly there had been individuals gathered round him; or would have been, could the place have admitted them. As it was, the assembly in the chapel could not be less than from 900 to 1,000 persons.

"The service opened with a short prayer: all present rose. The few, simple, yet magnificent vocables in which the supplication was offered came rolling over the assembly, and the deep silence which fell upon it seemed to indicate that the minds of the people were being wafted upwards with the words. 'The Spanish,' said Charles V., 'is the language in which to speak to the Almighty.' It truly is. There needed no incense; that prayer was like a cloud of sweet spices ascending into the heavens. The prayer lasted no longer than two minutes; the assembly resumed their seats. Senor Carasco now read out a hymn; the whole assembly again rose. A few voices, low but melodious, were heard near the pulpit; scarcely had the first strains echoed through the building, when the whole assembly, as it seemed, struck in, and then there came a burst of melody truly thrilling. It fell and rose; it paused and burst out anew. It rose yet louder and clearer in grand swells, which seemed to come from the heart, and to be inspired with deep, impassioned feeling. Was this Spain? Was this the land of the *auto-da-fé*? Have the burning-grounds opened, and have the men who went down singing into the flames come up again with a shout—a shout so mighty, that its echoes will yet ring over all Spain, and be sent back from other lands? We had to bury our face in our hands to hide what might have seemed a weakness.

"After another and a longer prayer, the reading of two chapters, and the singing of another hymn, Senor Carasco gave out his text. His discourse, that day, was on the Creation and Fall; and this gave him an opportunity of explaining how man, formed in the image of God, lost that image, and passed under the dominion of death. The sermon was in simple, eloquent phrase, and running over with the old Gospel—that Gospel which came down from heaven in the first age, and which our era finds still young, and still guiding men to the skies. And as if the preacher had come direct from another sphere, so did these men of Madrid gather round him, and listen eagerly to him. There was wonder and awe, as well as earnestness, on their faces. They were listening to tidings which had never saluted their ears before, and which, they felt, had a mysterious power to awaken all the faculties of their nature. This was no pantomimic scene, such as they might see any day in any one of their many cathedrals. It was a message from the skies; and, from beginning to end of his discourse, not an eye was for a moment off the preacher."

A few other personal reminiscences of this kind give to a portion of this volume a value which will be generally recognised by those who are interested in the cause of Protestant Christianity.

A Glasgow clerk has been fined for having put into a public cab a boy who was suffering from typhus fever.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.—The following notice is appended to the sixth and last number of Charles Dickens's unfinished story just published:—"All that was left in manuscript of 'Edwin Drood' is contained in the number now published—the sixth. Its last entire page had not been written two hours when the event occurred which one very touching passage in it (grave and sad, but also cheerful and reassuring) might seem almost to have anticipated. The only notes in reference to the story that have since been found concern that portion of it exclusively which is treated in the earlier numbers. Beyond the clues therein afforded to its conduct or catastrophe, nothing whatever remains; and it is believed that what the author would himself have most desired is done, in placing before the reader without further note or suggestion the fragment of 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'—12th August, 1870."

CENTENARIANS are beginning to pall upon the public appetite. The Registrar-General of Ireland now records the departure from life of a round dozen in three months, and we doubt whether people will ever take the trouble of questioning the accuracy of the records. One old lady at Armagh is described as having lived to be 110; a man in the Annacothy district, Limerick, lived to be 112. A female centenarian who died at Mallow is described as having a husband still living older by two or three years; and of a man who died at Broadford, and whose registered age was 107 years, the Registrar says, "He was up to a week before his death a hale, robust old man, and of a most temperate manner of living, having never indulged in whisky-drinking." He adds an etcetera which is a little vague, but intimates that "he sank into the grave with all his mental faculties entire."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

* *Christian Work on the Battle-field.* Being incidents in the Labours of the United States Christian Commission. With an Historical Essay, &c. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Court, Official, and Personal News.

The Queen and Court remain at Balmoral, and take frequent excursions. The Prince and Princess of Wales are frequent visitors to Her Majesty.

The Prince and Princess Christian are visiting the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone returned to town from Walmer Castle yesterday. So also did Earl Granville. The story of the *Independence Belge*, that Lord Granville had "proposed an armistice," and that a Cabinet Council had been "called for Monday," is entirely denied.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Lowe are about to visit Mr. Bass, M.P., at his Scotch residence at Glentworth, Inverness.

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster is at present enjoying the bracing air of the Galloway hills. It is stated that he intends a journey on foot into Ayrshire through the wild country, among the picturesque hills which extend all along that district.

Lord Elliot, eldest son of the Earl of St. Germans, is to be raised to the House of Lords, where he will sit for the hereditary barony of Elliot. His lordship is an active supporter of the extreme High-Church party, and one of the principal members of the English Church Union, of which the Hon. C. L. Wood, the eldest son of Lord Halifax, is President.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., left Nottingham on Friday for Liverpool, whence he sailed for the United States. He will remain there about five weeks.

Obituary.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.—Intelligence has been received by Lord Aberdeen's family that his lordship had been drowned while on a passage from America to Melbourne. Lord Aberdeen, who was in his twenty-ninth year, has been for some time in Canada, and little has been heard of him for the last two years. He is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. John Campbell Gordon, who was born in 1847. He was a grandson of the celebrated statesman.

MR. MURRAY DUNLOP.—The death is announced of Mr. A. C. S. Murray Dunlop, late M.P. for Greenock. Mr. Dunlop, who was in his seventy-second year, was a member of the Scottish bar. In the agitation which led to the disruption of 1843 he was one of the leaders of the party which eventually formed the Free Church. He was the trusted adviser of Dr. Chalmers and his associates, and is understood to have brought his professional knowledge to bear in framing "The Claim of Right." When the Free Church had organised itself, he was appointed legal adviser to the body, an office which he held down to the time of his death.

THE COUNT DE FLAHAULT died on Friday, aged eighty-five. He was Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He entered the army at the age of fourteen, and was at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. At the abdication of 1814 he recognised the Provisional Government, but returned to his post of aide-de-camp on the reappearance of Napoleon from Elba at whose side he fought at Waterloo. On the Restoration he retired into Switzerland, and subsequently to England, where he married, in 1817, the daughter of Lord Keith, whom she subsequently succeeded in her own right. The Revolution of 1830 restored to Count de Flahault his peerage and his rank in the French army. In 1831 he was named Ambassador Plenipotentiary at Berlin. He accompanied the Duc d'Orleans to the siege of Antwerp, and was appointed equerry to that prince on his marriage. In 1841 he became Ambassador at Vienna, a post which he held until the downfall of the Orleans dynasty. He was created a senator by the Emperor in 1853, and appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James at the close of 1860, in which post he was succeeded by Baron Gros in 1862. During the period in which the Count represented France at the Court of St. James, he, in conjunction with his wife, Baroness Keith (to whom he was married in 1817), exercised an unbounded hospitality, and the reception-rooms of the Embassy were constantly filled. Of the issue by this marriage, the eldest daughter became Marchioness of Lansdowne, having been married to the fourth Marquis in 1843.

Crimes and Casualties.

The two boys Everson and Farrell, against whom a coroner's jury have returned a verdict of manslaughter for kicking to death a boy of five years of age, named Arthur Lane, were brought up at the Thames Police-court on Saturday and committed for trial.

On Saturday a boy named Frederick Hodgkinson was taken to the Royal Free Hospital who had been shot in the eye whilst playing with some school-fellows at "William Tell." The boy's sight has been completely destroyed.

The papers contain reports of murder and outrage in the South London districts. A woman has died from injuries said to have been inflicted by her husband, who has absconded, and two men have been murdered from motives of jealousy.

An Italian, named Bonbonno, living in the Wyndham-road, Camberwell, on discovering his wife in a public-house with another man, gave her a blow in the face, and attacked her companion with such violence that he died. Bonbonno is in custody on the charge of having caused the man's death, and

is now under remand from the Lambeth Police-court.

There was a fire on Saturday night in a private hotel in Cecil-street, Strand. The house is said to have been inhabited by the Cecils, and a room in it was shown as one in which Queen Elizabeth once slept. Its destruction on Saturday night was complete. Two firemen were dangerously injured.

A singular fatality has occurred at Newmarket. A woman named Cooper, housekeeper to Mr. Boyce, was sitting near a table on which were some poisoned papers for the purpose of killing flies. A fly was seen to go to one of these papers and then to alight on the woman's nose, which was slightly scratched. The wound speedily became inflamed, in a short time her whole system became affected, and in about twenty-four hours the poor woman died.

On Friday there was a desperate encounter between a lady and a burglar at Oldham. Miss Thatcher, hearing a noise in the drawing-room about five o'clock, went downstairs to ascertain the cause, and observed a man in the act of leaping through the window. Without hesitation she endeavoured to arrest his progress, but the ruffian abused the young lady in such a manner as to render her insensible, and then escaped.

A disgraceful scene took place on Sunday afternoon in the parish church of Cowley, near Uxbridge. While the rector, the Rev. J. C. Hilliard, was preaching the sermon, two respectably-dressed young men, named John Kite and George Woodward, entered the gallery of the church in a rude and hurried manner. One of them kept his hat on, and both commenced talking and laughing. A motion of the clergyman to the one who was covered to remove his hat brought a brief period of decorum, followed, however, by still more outrageous behaviour, finishing by one of them producing a stone bottle, said to contain beer, of which both appeared to drink freely. At length when the noise and disorder had become intolerable the rector stopped his discourse, and told the young men they must either behave better or leave the church. On this one of them replied, "All right, sir"; but as they paid no further attention to the rebuke they were forcibly removed. On Monday they were brought before the magistrates at Uxbridge, who ordered each of them to be imprisoned for two months without allowing them the option of a fine.

Miscellaneous.

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.—Notwithstanding the complete stop which the war has put to German emigration, observes the *Liverpool Mercury*, the exodus through Liverpool during August was only four hundred less than in the corresponding month of last year. The great majority of the emigrants were English.

THE NORWICH ELECTION PETITION.—The hearing of this petition against the return of Mr. Tillet, M.P. for Norwich, which was appointed for the 25th inst., before Mr. Justice Byles, is postponed *sine die*, in consequence of certain alterations in the petition being disallowed by the judge at chambers, which right the petitioners take exception to. The point will consequently have to be raised before the Court of Common Pleas during the ensuing Michaelmas term. It is the opinion that if this decision is upheld the petition will be abandoned.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—The nomination for West Surrey takes place at Guildford to-morrow. No opposition to the return of the Conservative candidate is probable. Sir R. Baggallay, Q.C., who represented Hereford in the Conservative interest from 1865 to 1868, will come forward for Mid-Surrey, in the room of the Hon. W. Brodriok, now Viscount Middleton. Three candidates are in the field for Shrewsbury—Mr. Cotes and Mr. Commissioner Kerr in the Liberal, and Mr. Douglas Straight in the Conservative interest.

THE IRISH "HOME-RULE" MOVEMENT.—An inaugural meeting of the Home Government Association was held on Thursday in the Rotundo, Dublin. The Round Room was about half filled when the proceedings began. The gallery was only partially occupied, a number of ladies being amongst the audience. The platform was crowded. The chair was taken by Alderman J. Mackey, and the meeting was addressed by Dr. H. Maunsell, Laurence Waldron, Dr. Gratton, the Rev. Mr. McQuaid, Professor Galbraith, and Mr. Shaw, M.P. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the Imperial Parliament is unequal to the task of legislating for the varied wants and local requirements of the three kingdoms; that the interests of Ireland are disregarded by it; and that an Irish Parliament was necessary for the well-being of the country.

THE SHEFFIELD CUTLERS' FEAST.—The Cutlers' Feast was held at Sheffield on Friday night. Among the company present were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord George Cavendish, Lord Edward Howard, Lord Houghton, and Messrs. Hadfield and Mundella, the borough members. Lord Houghton, in responding to the toast of the House of Lords, said he regretted that the Ministry was not represented, inasmuch as these were grave times, and it was important that the defects in the defences of our country should be made known. He was one of those who had not implicit confidence in the state of England at the present time. We were in a state of neutrality—forced neutrality almost—not only of political action, but of feeling and sentiment. Not that the English people ever hesitated for one moment in their repro-

bation of the author of this terrible war, or were insensible to the immense responsibilities which rested on those who had disturbed the repose and equilibrium of Europe, and who were answerable for this immense crime. It was absolutely unintelligible to him that the French should regard the English in this crisis as their enemies, and that they should be on the point of excluding them from their country and from their ports. These were serious and solemn subjects; all they could do was to give their earnest support to any Power which exerted its influence to mitigate the calamity to the utmost.

THE NEW ORATORIO OF "ST. PETER."—At the Birmingham Musical Festival on Friday, the new oratorio, entitled "St. Peter," by Mr. Jules Benedict, was produced for the first time, and met with success. A work of so ambitious a character has not hitherto been attempted by Mr. Benedict, and if the general opinion expressed after yesterday morning's performance be any guide to the ultimate verdict of the public, "St. Peter" bids fair to occupy a place in the most advanced rank of sacred music—not far down in the scroll of fame, if indeed not entitled to be named with "Elijah," "Israel," and the "Messiah." High as had been the opinion of the work excited by rumour, the audience, yesterday morning, were not prepared to witness so unequivocal a triumph as Mr. Benedict has undoubtedly achieved. The grandeur of the choruses and the vast strength of executive power brought to bear in their delivery, moved the listeners to enthusiasm so marked, that at the close of the magnificent ending of the second part—the chorus, "Praise ye the Lord,"—Mr. Benedict was greeted with prolonged cheering, and cries of "Bravo" from both audience and performers. The Birmingham chorus excelled itself. The leading parts were taken with even more than usual care and effectiveness by Mdlle. Titlens, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Mr. W. H. Cammings. At the conclusion of the oratorio, which occupied exactly three hours, Mr. Benedict was again greeted with cheering, which only subsided after he had returned from the ante-room, in response to the prolonged demand for his reappearance. The festival of last week is said to have been the most successful ever held. It was attended by 14,570 persons. The receipts reached 14,130l. 19s. 3d., a sum greater by 130l. than that drawn on any previous occasion.

Cleanings.

The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes have established a colony of exceedingly neat and pretty cottages at Pease.

The directors of the Great Eastern Railway have determined to abolish express fares, and have placed all the trains on the ordinary fare rate.

Only one death from small-pox is reported in the whole of Ireland during the quarter ending June, 1870. The few cases that have occurred were traced to direct importation.

At the temperance *fete* on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace children were lost about the Palace and grounds to a ridiculous extent. When the proceedings were over no fewer than nine were left to the guardianship of the police.

Mr. Parsons, barrister-at-law, who has from time to time been addressing a number of extraordinary letters to Her Majesty the Queen, under the *nom de plume* of "The Washerwoman of Melbourne," has committed suicide at Melbourne.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—Chang and Eng, the famous Siamese Twins, arrived in Jersey city on the 13th of August from Europe, whither they have been to take medical advice as to whether they can safely be severed from each other. The decision is that it will not be safe. About two days ago from Liverpool Chang was stricken by a paralytic shock, depriving him of the use of his left side, and is now far from being well, while Eng continues in perfect health. They depart for their home in North Carolina in a day or two.—*New York Times*.

REMARKABLE CASE OF INJURY IN SEA BATHING.—A *John Bull* correspondent writes that a curious thing occurred near Blackrock, Dublin, on Monday. Three young ladies went to bathe, the sea was rough and muddy, and they stayed in but a short time. On their return home they complained that they had been stung by jelly-fish, but of a different kind to any they had ever seen before. In a short time the faces of two of them swelled, soon after the tongue of one felt as if she had needles in her mouth, and all over their bodies were felt the most acute pricking and stinging; then their throats swelled so as to be nearly closed; finally, before doctors could be obtained, the youngest was seized with spasms in her throat, she became nearly black, and quite cold. Some ammonia was got between her teeth, and at last three doctors arrived. The first said they were no doubt poisoned, but he had never seen a case of the sort before; the next said he had read of such cases off the coast of Africa; the third said he had seen one or two such, but it was a tropical case of poisoning. They are recovering slowly, but the youngest was all but dead.

AN INDIAN WEDDING.—A contemporary describes a wedding, which recently took place in the neighbourhood of New York, of two members of the Iroquois tribe of Indians. After dinner, which commenced at two p.m., the ceremony took place, and a brave of the Iroquois tribe named Blouw was united to a bright-looking but dusky bride, with the sweetly simple name of Serik Kasilawowkwaw, which means,

"Maid with the Merry Eyes," and she was very appropriately called, as her pair of orbs beamed like beads, and her smiling lips displayed a set of very white teeth. The nuptial knot was to be tied by Chief Ancient Tangie, but owing to his absence, the ceremony was performed by R. Thiozbow, Prince of the Iroquois, and son of King Anishenthane, or White Cloud. Their matrimonial proceedings were opened by the courting dance, which was performed in the following manner:—Three warriors of the tribe, headed by a chief, beating a drum, named Karenishen, sat in a row on their haunches, while the intending bride and bridegroom remained in a tent. They chanted a sort of melancholy ditty, the burden of which is to the effect that if the pair have really serious intentions they had better make known their engagement and enter the state of wedlock. As soon as the song ceased, the bridegroom issued from the tent, bowed, and danced once around the warriors. The bride then appeared on the scene, and as the young lady had evidently determined to take a chance in the matrimonial lottery, she showed her preference for the object of her affections by tapping him on the shoulder and presenting him with a marriage present in the shape of a headband of elegant beadwork. This he took in triumph and showed as a pledge of love to his companions, who pretended to be jealous, and feigned to snatch it away. The three warriors, after he kissed her, arose, and all the contracting parties entered the tent, when the marriage settlements were made, and the young people admonished not to enter into an alliance if not entertaining a mutual affection. The three warriors who were the witnesses, then came out of the tent, and spread a blanket, around which the whole tribe walked, singing again the courting song. The young people then came out of the tent and sat back to back on the blanket, and nudged each other with their elbows in a sort of accompaniment to the rude chant of the tribe, who danced and capered around them in a ridiculously solemn manner, occasionally grinning through their red paint like playful polecats. The happy pair seemed to be a little shy, and felt relieved when this courting business was ended. After the song and dance were finished they repaired again to the tent to prepare for the wedding, and then a ceremony of a secret nature was performed in the presence of the three warriors. When all was ready the head chief opened the door of the tent, and in a solemn, imposing manner, headed the procession to the blanket, which served as an altar. The tribe then walked around again, and sang a marriage song, signifying that both were glad to get married, as one had now somebody to care for him, and the other was sure of being supported. The bridegroom appeared, followed by the bride, on the ending of the song, and both, standing side by side, faced the tribe. The Prince of the Iroquois tribe then stepped before them, and in a formula much resembling that of the whites, asked the bridegroom if he took the woman to be his wedded wife. The prince then put a similar question to the bride, and both gave the affirmative answer, "Hon hon." He had ordered them to join hands, and during the questioning waved his tomahawk over their clasped hands. When the bride answered "Hon hon," he separated them with the tomahawk, and the tribe then took another walk round, after which the prince called the bridegroom, and ordered him to kiss the bride. This completed the ceremony, and the newly-married pair then walked around with the rest of the tribe until they came to the door of the tent, into which they both entered. After the knot was tied the bride gave the green corn and rattlesnake dances, which resemble a combination of the Lancers, an Irish jig, and a plantation break-down. The excursionists enjoyed themselves exceedingly, under the able management of the various committees, who had made the best possible preparations; and in the evening, after the arrival of the barges in this city two full-blooded Indians of the Benecka tribe, residing on a reservation in the western part of this State, were initiated into the Manhattan tribe.

NOTICE.—All announcements intended for this column must be accompanied by a remittance of half-a-crown in postage-stamps.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths

MARRIAGES.

EPPS—FINCH.—August 26, at Bridport, Frank Epps, F.O.S., second son of Dr. George N. Epps of 20, Devonshire-street, Portland-place, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Clarkson Finch, of Bridport. No cards.

CROSS—PAYNE.—September 1, at the Baptist Chapel, Thames-street, Wallingford, by the Rev. T. Brooks, Mr. Alexander Cross, of Edinburgh, to Ellen Frances, second daughter of Mr. W. Payne, Market-place, Wallingford.

DEATHS.

TOLLER.—September 3 at Kettering, Mary, wife of the Rev. Thomas Toller, aged seventy.

PETERS.—September 6, at Watford, Herts, Margaret, daughter of the Rev. T. Peters, aged seven months.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, the most popular medicine for the cure of female complaints. After many years' experience, it is incontestably proved that there is no medicine equal to Holloway's Pills for the cure of diseases incidental to females, and for the subjection of the many ailments to which the young and delicate are liable. The invigorating and purifying properties of Holloway's medicine render it invaluable. They may be taken by females of all ages for any disorganization or irregularity of the system, speedily removing the cause—thus restoring the sufferer to robust health. As a family medicine they are unequalled, and may be taken by old and young, restoring health and energy after every other means has proved unsuccessful.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

(From Wednesday's Gazette.)

An Account, pursuant to the Act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 39, for the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 31.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued	£34,747,905	Government Debt	£11,015,100
		Other Securities	3,084,000
		Gold Coins & Bullion	19,717,905
	£34,747,905		£34,747,905

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital	£14,562,000	Government Securities	£12,483,861
Reserve	3,063,000	Weight annuity	10,883,314
Public Deposits	5,561,191	Notes	11,381,455
Other Deposits	19,998,908	Gold & Silver Coin	888,832
Seven Day and other	863,853		
Bills			
	£44,597,458		£44,597,458

Sept. 1, 1870

FRANK MAY, Deputy Chief Cash

Markets.

CORN EXCHANGE, MARK LANE, Monday, Sept. 5.

We had a good supply of English wheat and moderate arrivals from abroad. The market to day has been extremely depressed, and prices unsettled. English wheat ruled 2s below the prices of Monday last. New wheat made 4s to 5s. for red, and 5s. to 5s. for white. The decline in foreign wheat was 1s per qr. Flour was 1s per sack lower. Barrels being scarce were unchanged in value. Peas were dull. Barley and Indian corn sold slowly at 1s to 2s. per qr. decline. Of oats the supply on board ship is very large, and prices have declined 1d. per qr. since this day week, and many of the cargoes are being landed. Cargoes on the coast meet little demand, at last week's quotations. Indian corn is the turn lower to sell.

CURRENT PRICES.

WHEAT—	Per Qr.	Per Qr.	Per Qr.
	s.	d.	s.
Essex and Kent, red	—	—	—
Do ditto new	45	47	—
White	—	—	—
Do ditto new	49	50	—
Foreign red	47	50	—
Do white	50	53	—
BARLEY—			
English malting	30	34	—
Chevalier	36	42	—
Distilling	35	38	—
Foreign	31	35	—
MALT—			
Pale	—	—	—
Chevalier	—	—	—
Brown	49	55	—
BEANS—			
Tick	40	42	—
Harrow	41	45	—
Small	—	—	—
Egyptian	38	40	—
PEAS—			
Gray	35	37	—
Maple	41	43	—
White	35	39	—
Boilers	35	38	—
Foreign, boilers	37	38	—
RYE	36	38	—
OATS—			
English feed	21	26	—
Do potato	23	32	—
Scotch feed	—	—	—
Do potato	—	—	—
Irish black	19	21	—
Do white	19	22	—
Foreign feed	32	33	—
LOUR—			
Town made	48	54	—
Country Marks	38	39	—
Norfolk & Norfolk	38	35	—

BREAD, London, Saturday, Sept. 5.—The prices in the Metropolitan are, for Wheatens Bread, per 4lbs. loaf, 6d. to 8d.; Household Bread, 7d. to 7½d.

METROPOLITAN CATTLE MARKET, Monday, Sept. 5.—The total imports of foreign stock into London last week amounted to 7,951 head. In the corresponding week in 1869 we received 14,033; in 1868, 8,419; in 1867, 12,901; in 1866, 15,589; and in 1865, 30,015 head. There were large arrivals of foreign stock on sale to-day, and supplies from our own grazing districts have been good. The general quality of the beasts on sale was inferior; but choice beef, being scarce, commanded very full prices, and some choice Scotch and Hereford heifers sold at 5s. 6d. per 8lbs. From Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire we received about 1,800 shorthorns, &c.; from other parts of England about 500 of various breeds; from Scotland about 60, and from Ireland about 100 oxen. The number of sheep in the pens was fully up to the average; and good downs and half-breeds have realised 5s. 6d. to 5s. 10d. per 8lbs. Calves have been dull, and there has not been much demand for pigs.

For 8lbs. to sink the Offal.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Inf. coarse beasts	5	6	4	2
Second quality	4	4	4	4
Prime large oxen	4	10	5	4
Prime 8 to 12, &c.	5	4	5	8
Joarse inf. sheep	3	6	3	10
Second quality	3	10	4	6
Pr coarse wooled	4	8	5	4
Prime Southdown	5	6	5	10
Lambs	0	0	0	0
Lge. coarse calves	3	4	4	4
Prime small	4	3	5	6
Large hogs	4	2	5	0
Neaten. porkers	5	4	5	8

Smoking calves, 20s. to 25s., and quarter-old store pigs, 20s. to 25s. each.

METROPOLITAN MEAT MARKET, Monday, Sept. 5.—Limited supplies of meat have been on sale. The trade has been firmer, and prices have ruled as under.

Per 8lbs. by the carcase.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Inferior beef	3	4	3	8
Middling ditto	3	8	4	0
Prime large do.	4	4	10	0
Do small do.	4	6	4	8
Large Pork	3	8	4	4
Small pork	4	8	5	0
Inf. mutton	3	8	4	0
Middling ditto	4	0	4	4
Prime ditto	5	0	5	2
Veal	4	10	5	4
Lamb	5	8	5	8

PROVISIONS, Monday, Sept. 5.—The arrivals last week from Ireland were 2,941 firkins butter, and 4,039 bales bacon, and from foreign ports 25,653 packages butter, and 246 bales bacon. The butter market was very inactive last week, scarcely anything done in Irish. Foreign sold slowly, the chief alteration being a decline of 5s. to 10s. per cwt.; little change in other descriptions. The late high prices for bacon affecting the consumption, the market ruled dull, at the close of the week prices declined fully 4s. per cwt. Lard meets a slow sale. Hams in good demand.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET, Saturday, Sept. 3.—We have no alterations to note here; the market continues to be well supplied, and prices are low. Amongst flowers we have Balsams, Pelargoniums, single and double Gladioli, Asters, Dahlias, Lillians, Oleanders, Pritomias, &c.

BOROUGH HOP MARKET, Monday, Sept. 5.—Our market is active, transactions being mostly confined to the new growth, which are well taken up on arrival, and show a marked improvement in quality on the early parcels received. Our plantations progress favourably, and should the present weather continue, the growth will be fully equal to recent estimates. Continental accounts are satisfactory as regards the progress of the crops. Latest New York advices report a very slow market, the business being of a retail character. The accounts of the new crop are very conflicting; but there seems little doubt that the yield will prove considerably below that of last year. Wealds, 3s. 5s., 3s. 15s., to 4s. 10s.; Mid and East Kent, 4s. 0s., 5s. 5s. to 7s. 0s.; Sussex, 3s. 0s., 3s. 10s., to 3s. 15s.; Farnham and country, 4s. 10s., 5s. 5s., to 6s. 10s.; Yearlings, 4s. 10s., 5s. 0s., to 6s. 10s.

POTATOES.—BOROUGH AND SPITALFIELDS.—Monday, Sept. 5.—These markets have been fairly supplied with potatoes. The trade has been steady at our quotations. English shaws, 70s. to 80s. per ton; Regents, 70s. to 120s. per ton; Kidneys, 70s. to 120s. per ton.

STEED, Monday, Sept. 5.—English cleaver does not yet appear; fine samples of foreign were held quite as high. The supply of new white mustard was fair, and prices at 10s. to 11s. per bushel, according to condition. New English trifolium remains very dear, being scarce and still in demand. New winter tares continue scarce and dear. New rye, new winter barley, and oats realised as much money.

OIL, Monday, Sept. 5.—There has been a slow demand for linseed oil, and rape has been restricted. Coconut has been steady. Other oils have been in limited request.

TALLOW, Monday, Sept. 5.—The market has been firm. Y.O., on the spot 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. per cwt., new; 4s. 6d., old. Town Tallow 4s. 9d., not cash.

COAL, Monday, Sept. 5.—Market firm at last day's rates. Huttons South Walls, 10s. 9d.; Huttons Lyons ditto, 10s. 8d.; Huttons Braddys ditto, 17s. 9d.; Haswell ditto, 10s.; Hartlepool (original) ditto, 10s.; ditto Hart ditto, 10s. 6d.; ditto South ditto, 10s.; Hough Hall ditto, 10s.; Kellie ditto 17s.; Kellie South ditto, 14s.; Stewart ditto, 18s.; Turnstall ditto, 16s. 3d.; Edm Main, 10s. 6d.; Hartley's, 16s. Ships fresh arrived, 45; ships left from last day, 9; total, 47. Ships at sea, 30.

Advertisements.

QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND under the Land Act of 1868 and the Immigration Act of 1860. Land acquired on easy terms. Assisted and Free Passages. Information and particulars to be obtained on application.

JOHN DOUGLAS, Agent-General.

Queensland Government Office,
33, Charing Cross.
Removed from 2, Old Broad Street.

LOCAL TRAVELLERS are REQUIRED to represent the Provinces on liberal commission terms to obtain Agents for the Sale of packet and loose Teas for a first-class London firm. To parties of undoubted respectability and good business habits other commissions would be added sufficient to insure a good permanent income.—Address, with particulars as to present occupation, age, and references, to M. M., Post-office, Bath.

PIANOFORTE FOR SALE. By an eminent maker. A fine full-toned patent 7-octave Walnut Cottage, with all the latest improvements. Price £17, recently cost £25. Also a first class ALEXANDER HARMONIUM for half its value. This is a good opportunity for a Professor of Music. A legal warranty given. Davison and Davison, 17, Market-place, Oxford-street.

THE Rev. G. D. BARTLET, M.A., SOUTH-GROVE, HIGHGATE, will REOPEN SCHOOL on WEDNESDAY, the 7th September. VACANCIES for TWO PUPILS.

PROFESSOR TODHUNTER, M.A., of Cheshunt College, with suitable assistance, conducts the EDUCATION of a small number of Pupils. The premises have been built for the purpose in a very healthy situation. Terms inclusive.—Holt House, Cheshunt, N.

BAPTIST UNION of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

The AUTUMNAL SESSION will be held in St. ANDREW'S STREET CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, September 21 and 22, Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON, Chairman.

Applications for accommodation to be made to either of the Local Secretaries not later than September 7th.

Mr. W. S. ALDIS, M.A., St. Andrew's-street,
Rev. J. F. CAMPBELL, Zion House,
Mr. JOHN E. FOSTER, B.A., Europe terrace,
Mr. JAMES NUTTER, Beech House,

FAREWELL SOIREE to BABOO KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

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